Vol.....of.....vols. | cl.....U 554.....

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

SYDENHAM BRANCH LIBRARY,

SYDENHAM ROAD, S.E.26.

CHARGE NUMBER..... 2136 .....

The Public Libraries of the Borough of Lewisham are as follows :—

Reference Library, Lending Library and Newsrooms :
CENTRAL LIBRARY, High Street, Lewisham, S.E.13

Lending Library and Newsrooms :
FOREST HILL BRANCH, Dartmouth Road, S.E.23
MANOR HOUSE BRANCH, Old Road, Lee, S.E.13
SYDENHAM BRANCH, Sydenham Road, S.E.26
BROCKLEY BRANCH, Brockley Road, S.E.4
HITHER GREEN BRANCH, Torridon Road, S.E.6
DOWNHAM BRANCH, Moorside Road, Downham Way

The Lending Libraries are available to persons resident or employed within the boundaries of the Borough of Lewisham. They are open for the issue and exchange of books every week-day in the year from **10 a.m.** to **8 p.m.** excepting **Wednesdays,** Christmas Day, Good Friday and Bank Holidays. Due notice will be given of any special closing that may become necessary.

Borrowers may obtain tickets at one Library only. Every borrower may have two tickets. Tickets may be used at any of the seven Libraries of the Borough. A book must be returned to the Library from which it was obtained. Tickets must be renewed annually. Books may be reserved.

A Borrower may retain a book for home reading for 14 days; the date last stamped upon the fly leaf within the book cover is the last day upon which it may be retained without charge. Thereafter, a fine of TWO PENCE shall be payable by the Borrower for each week or part of a week during which the book is retained.

Books cannot be exchanged on the day of issue, but otherwise no limit is placed upon the frequency with which a Borrower may make his exchange.

In cases of Infectious Disease, notice must at once be given by the Borrower to the Medical Officer of Health at the Town Hall, who will attend to the matter without cost to the Borrower.

E. G. Berryman & Sons, Ltd., Blackheath

LONDON BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM
LIBRARY SERVICE

Author

Title

BOOK STORE

Books or discs must be returned on or before the last date stamped on label or on card in book pocket. Books or discs can be renewed by telephone, letter or personal call unless required by another reader. After library hours use the Ansafone Service (01-698 7347). For hours of opening and charges see notices at the above branch, but note that all lending departments close at 1 pm on Wednesday and all libraries are closed on Sundays, Good Friday, Christmas Day, Bank Holidays and Saturdays prior to Bank Holidays.

METROPOLITAN
SPECIAL COLLECTION

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/inminstergarden0000dean

BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM
LOWER SYDENHAM
BRANCH
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

IN A MINSTER GARDEN

By the Same Author.

Crown 8vo., cloth. 6s.

PRO PATRIA! Sermons on Special Occasions in England and America.

'Fine, poetical, practical deliverances.'—*Christian World.*

'Worthy of their great occasions.'—*Expository Times.*

'Dr. Stubbs has the gift of writing sermons that cry out to be printed, so graceful are they in style, so rich in suggestion, so wide in their range.'—*Literature.*

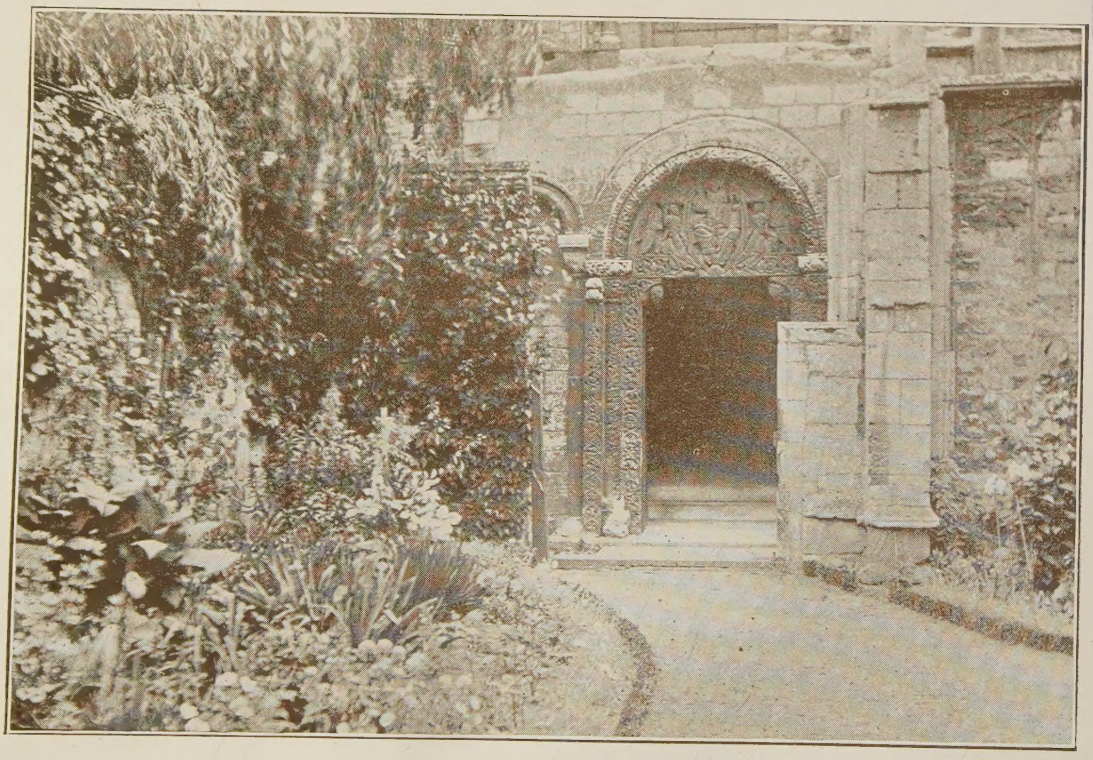
'The Dean is essentially a poet, and his sermons are marked by that spiritual insight and charm of expression which belong to the poet.'—*Guardian.*

Crown 8vo., cloth. 1s. 6d.

THE SOCIAL TEACHING OF THE LORD'S PRAYER. Four Sermons preached before the University of Oxford.

'A happy example of that blending of religious views in a wider outlook upon humanity which is the note of the Church of England at the beginning of the twentieth century.'—*Literature.*

'Sanctified common-sense from beginning to end.'—*Literary World.*



THE PRIOR'S DOOR.

[*Frontispiece.*

PUBLIC LIBRARIES BRANCH

942.5425

IN A MINSTER GARDEN

A Causerie

BY

THE DEAN OF ELY

'O ET OLLA'
OLD CONVENT ROLLS

LONDON
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
1901

U55H
2536
K109
942.59

TO MY LADY
OF THE MINSTER GARDEN

Love came with dancing music in his feet
To sing, when we were young, his roundelay;
Love brings this book to thee, thy welcome, Sweet,
Assured by memories of that golden day.

PREFACE

A WORD or two in explanation of the motto on the title-page will serve also, perhaps, to explain the general aim and purpose of this Minster causerie.

In the old Monastery Rolls, still treasured in the muniment-room at Ely, in which the great officers of the Convent in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries kept record of their estates, and rendered in Chapter accurate accounts of all their income and expenditure, there occurs from time to time a curious entry. It is entitled 'Pro O et Olla.' It is apparently the term under which certain items of expenditure connected with the annual audit of accounts were entered. Such audit was preceded by a special service or devotion in the church, and concluded by a banquet in the refectory. At the service was sung one or other of the great pre-Christmas Antiphons—commonly called 'the Great O's'—as seemed most appropriate to the functions of the official—for the Bishop the 'O Sapientia!' for the Prior the

'O Adonai!' for the Chamberlain the 'O Clavis!' and so on. The service thus came to be spoken of as the Bishop's, or the Prior's, or the Chamberlain's 'O'; and the fee to the choristers for singing the special Antiphon was entered in the accounts 'Pro O.'

The 'Olla,' or 'pot,' was the homely synonym for the subsequent rejoicing at the refectory feast —'a scholastical and moderate congratulacion' of the officer and his comrades 'in conventu,' which has elsewhere, however, earned the description in verse:

> 'Prævisis aliis Eliensia festa videre
> Est quasi provisa nocte videre diem'

—to be Englished, perhaps, thus:

> 'See after other Ely feasts,
> And surely thou wilt say
> That, having seen the night before,
> Thou seest now the day.'

Under the titulus 'O et Olla,' therefore, was evidently combined the thought of things both solemn and joyous, grave and gay, of prayer and worship in church, of comrade work and happy leisure in Cloister and Fratry House.

My readers will not think me too fanciful, I hope, if I take the old monastic ledger-book phrase as a title-motto to characterize the items of a book which is, in fact, a medley of facts and fancies about the great Minster which I love so

well—a causerie of the old time and the new; of day-dreams *horâ meridianâ* in my daily pacing of the Cloister Walk from Prior's Door to Refectory wall; of imaginary colloquies invented to cheer the loneliness of convalescent hours in the Farmery Parlour; of parleyings as to 'how heaven's high with earth's low should intertwine'; of gossip about old books and old stones, and the 'fair humanities of old religion'; of holiday impressions of men and things; of 'documents'—as Hamlet says—'in thought and remembrance fitted' concerning old legends and modern problems.

The chapters were written for the most part to amuse myself during the enforced leisure of convalescence last winter. They are published now in the hope that they may perhaps serve to while away a quiet hour for others who may be compelled for a time to join 'the ranks of the sedentary.'

CHARLES W. STUBBS.

DEANERY, ELY.
Michaelmas, 1901

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I.	EX LIBRIS ELIENSIS	1
II.	IN THE GARDEN AT THE LIBERTY	12
III.	SUNSET ON THE RIVER	28
IV.	'AD NATALEM DOMINI'	43
V.	IN THE MINSTER BY MOONLIGHT	47
VI.	THE PRIOR'S HOLIDAY	61
VII.	THE PRAYER OF A SAXON EARL	73
VIII.	THE PRIOR'S HOLIDAY IN THE NEW WORLD	79
IX.	A MATTINSONG FOR CHRISTMAS	99
X.	IN THE CEDAR ROOM	101
XI.	THE DAME AND THE MONK	116
XII.	'THE GREAT O'S'	132
XIII.	UNDER THE CEDAR	136
XIV.	ON THE WALSINGHAM WAY	157
XV.	IN MEMORIAM	187
XVI.	BRACKETED	189

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE PRIOR'S DOOR	*Frontispiece*	
PRIOR JOHN OF CRAUDEN, 1321—41	*To face p.*	1
ACROSS THE GARDEN	,,	12
THE MINSTER FROM THE RIVER	,,	28
THE MINSTER NAVE	,,	47
THE TOMB OF EARL BRYHTNOTH	,,	73
IRISES IN CLOISTER GARTH	,,	99
PERGOLA AND REFECTORY WALL	,,	101
BISHOP ALCOCK'S CHAPEL	,,	117
THE ROSE ALLEY AND CLOISTER	,,	133
THE WESTERN TOWERS OF ELY	,,	137
EAST WALK IN CLOISTER GARTH	,,	158
THE NORTH BORDER	,,	170
THE RUINED CLOISTER	,,	188

PRIOR JOHN OF CRAUDEN, 1321—41.

[*To face p.* 1.

I

EX LIBRIS ELIENSIS

'For out of oldë feldës, as men saith,
Cometh al this newe corn from yere to yere,
And out of oldë bokes, in good faith,
Cometh al this newe science that men lere.'

CHAUCER.

Letter to Dr. Philip Fewston, of University Heights, New York.

THE DEANERY, ELY,
April 3.

MY DEAR FEWSTON,

You must forgive me for delaying so long to fulfil that promise which I made to you some months ago when you took me over the Library of Columbia University, that splendid gift to his city of our friend Mr. Seth Low, to tell you something on my return of some of the old books and of their legends in our Cathedral Library here at Ely. How shall I begin? How shall I, in the first place, make you realize the old-world atmosphere of this 'haunt of ancient peace'? And yet it

ought not to be difficult if I could only tell you exactly what I am looking at now, for as I stand at my writing-table here in the old window of the Deanery library musing of the books, about which, perhaps, presently I shall write to you, my eye wanders into the little sunlit court outside. It is the old chapel garth of my fourteenth-century predecessor, the Prior John of Crauden. That is his famous chantry—'novam capellam mirandi decoris'—at the opposite corner of the court, blocking my view down the park beyond and across the low-lying flats which stretch away to the distant downs of Newmarket. There, too, hidden by the lilac-tree, whose white blossoms are filling my room with fragrance and scattering their snow on the little patch of smoothly-mown grass below, is the basement of the Prior's new parlour, where he was accustomed to talk with the convent brothers, and close by is his bookroom, the 'studium suum pro libris cum sibi vacaverat inspiciendis,' of which we may read in the convent records. The parlour itself was pulled down, alas! not so many years ago; but the grand old fireplace, in the eastern wall of what is now a modern passage-way, still remains. Here Prior John must have often toasted his toes all those years ago and read his books, and fallen asleep, I dare say, sometimes, lulled by the cawing of the rooks in the palace garden across the way, and

awakened, no doubt with a start, to hear the minster bells calling the brethren to evensong. Or was it, perhaps, that chattering jackdaw that disturbed the Prior's slumber? There the fellow is still on the ridge of the chapel roof, silhouetted black against the blue sky, chattering still, and flirting and casting eyes now upwards at the Bishop's rooks as they sail overhead, now downwards at the Grammar-Master's cat as she basks in the sun on the garden-wall.

Below, in the shadow of the grouped buttress and turret-stair, I see the door through which so often five centuries ago my Benedictine brother must have come on his way to the daily offices in the Minster church. The covered wooden gallery along which he came, and by which he crossed above the chapel garth, has been destroyed for many a day, but the turret doorway at the corner of the Fair Hall, to which this gallery ran, is still visible in the ivy-covered wall.

It was only the other night that, writing late, I heard a footstep outside echoing in the little court below, and for a moment almost thought it was the old Prior himself on his way to early matins. 'Half-past twelve o'clock. Fine, clear night. All's well!' droned out the College Watchman; for, among other old customs, that

'drowsy charm
Blessing our doors from nightly harm,'

we still retain at Ely. But had it been the ghost of Prior John himself about to lift the latch of this old door in the Deanery wall at my elbow as I write, I think I should have greeted him quite calmly: 'Dominus custodiat introitum tuum!' He would have answered surely as calmly: 'Ex hoc nunc, carissime! et usque in seculum': for he is a courteous old gentleman, as I know. I have watched the changing smiles on his face for nearly seven years now, as he looks down upon me daily as I enter the choir from his sculptured portrait at the end of the choir-aisle. A strong, handsome face it is—dignified, benignant, pleasant—altogether that of a man who might well be Queen Philippa's friend, as the chronicler says, 'propter amabilem et graciosam ipsius affabilitatem et eloquentiam,' and who would also rule the convent with all firmness, yet 'sicut pastor pacificus,' with the sweet reasonableness ('dulcedine') of our holy religion.

But what the books were that Prior John read by his study fire I cannot certainly say. Of the dozen books or so which Sir Henry Spelman, in his 'Antiquarii Collectanea,' says were in the Convent Library at Ely, I should hazard a guess that two at least would be often found in Prior John's bookroom—the 'Book of Varieties' by Cassiodorus, and the 'De Architectura' of Vitruvius. This last was the standard classical book on

architecture, and its chapters on the mechanical powers and on machines for raising building materials to great heights one would imagine must often have been consulted by the Prior and his friend the Sacrist, Alan de Walsingham—'Flos operatorum, vir venerabilis, et artificiosus Frater'—in the many constructional problems that must have puzzled them both before the great lantern dome was successfully thrown across the octagon at Ely in the year 1334. But the 'Liber Variorum' of Cassiodorus was probably the book which was oftenest found on John of Crauden's knees, for to this Italian statesman monk of the sixth century Literature is largely indebted for the fact that from his time onward the multiplication of manuscript books became one of the recognised duties of the monastic life. And certainly there was no part of the discipline of the great Benedictine house at Ely under Crauden's rule which was more zealously performed than this. Witness the Obedientiary Rolls of the Precentor, who was also the convent *armarius*, or librarian, for all the years of the fourteenth century. Here are some of the entries:

'A.D. 1300. 5 dozen of parchment, 2s. 6d. 40 lbs. of ink (incausti) 4s. 4d. A clerk at a half-penny a day. A Book of the Decretals bought for the Library, 3s. 2 lbs. of the grains of paradise, 4s. Beer for the ink, for one year, 9d. "*Pro tabula Pascalis fac: de novo et illuminand*," 4s. *Speculum Gregor*, 2s.—1329. Half a pound of verniz, "*pro*

Scriptore meo," 6d. The Precentor going to Balsham to enquire for books, 6s. 7d.—1361. 6 *quaternus papyri*, 2s. 1 gall : *Vini de Creti*, 3s. 4 lbs. corporase. 4 lbs. of galls, 2 lbs. of gum arab : 3s. 4d. to make ink.—1372. 8 calf skins and 4 sheep skins, for covering books, 4s. 4d.—1374. Illuminating a gradual and consuetudinary, 22s. 9d. Tyssues and Burdonnes pro diversis libris, 2s. Roberto Pachymyner de Cantabrigia pro percameno de predictis pellibus faciendo, 21s. The Amanuensis for one year, 53s. 4d., and a tunic, 10s.—1396. Brother Edm : Tedyngton, upon his beginning the Bible "*ut in* 2 *Anguillis Miss : eidem*," 16d. The bookbinder 2 weeks wages, 4s. 12 iron chains to fasten the books, 4s. 5 doz : vellum, 25s. 8d.'

Another interesting entry about the convent books is this letter in French from the Prior and Convent of Ely to the King (Edward III.) :

'Because a robber has taken out of our church four books of great value, namely, the Decretum, Decretals, Bible, and Concordance, of which the first three are now at Paris, arrested and detained under sequestration by the officer of the Bishop of Paris, whom our Proctor has often prayed in form of law to deliver them, but he behaves so strangely that we shall find in him neither right, grace, nor favour : we ask you to write to the Bishop of Paris to intermeddle favourably, and tell his official to do aright, so that we may get our things back.'

Altogether, as an evidence of industry in the making of books, it is worth notice that in the course of a few years, about the middle of the fourteenth century, the convent librarian purchased upwards of seventy dozen of parchment and thirty dozen of vellum for the use of the Ely Scriptorium

But Prior Crauden was a patron of learning in other ways than in the manufacture of MSS. About the year 1340 he bought a house at Cambridge as a hostel for monks—on the site of the present Trinity Hall—and sent thither from the convent scholars 'to reside for their better improvement in University learning.' The Camerarius Rolls from this time onwards show that three or four of the Ely monks were constantly residing at Cambridge at the convent expense, taking their degrees there and then returning to Ely. For example, in the Chamberlain's Roll for 40 Edward III. (although that would be more than twenty years after Crauden's death in 1341) I find this entry: '40 Edward III., Solut' 3 Scolar' studentibus apud Cantabrig' iii.s. iiii.d. Simoni de Banham incipienti in Theologia ii.s. iii.d.' And so onwards, down to 1445, there are regular entries of the annual payment for two Ely scholars proceeding to their degrees at Cambridge. One of the latest records in which the monk's name is mentioned is this from the Roll of 9 Henry IV.: 'dat' ffratri Galfrido Welyngton ad incepcionem suam in Canone apud Cantabrig' vi.s. viii.d.'

What has been the early debt of the University of Cambridge to the Bishops and to the Prior and Convent of Ely—the first Cambridge College, Peterhouse, was founded by an Ely Bishop, Hugo de Balsham, in 1284, and the Fellows of Peter-

house were long known as 'Ely scholars'—all men know or may read of it in Mr. Bass Mullinger's history of that University; but at the present moment, when the Senate of the University has just rejected by a large majority a grace proposing to recognise St. Edmund's House—a residential hostel for Roman Catholic students—as an integral part of the University, it is interesting to know that a somewhat analogous difficulty was solved in the fourteenth century with equal satisfaction apparently to both the 'Glomerels' and the scholars. Among the Ely Rolls there is a paper book with a parchment cover, written in a hand of the fifteenth century, entitled 'Registrum Domini Edmundi Walsingham Prioris Eliensis.' It contains copies of some sixty-nine letters of importance to the convent, some written long before Prior Edmund's time, some after his death and during the time of his successor. Among them are two letters having to do with this Cambridge difficulty. They are both written to the Prior of Ely by the Abbott William of Bury St. Edmund, 'Provincialis Capituli Præsidens' (*i.e.*, President of the Chapter of the Benedictine Order in England), calling upon him to appoint a suitable person to act as Prior to the Benedictine monks who might be studying at Cambridge. This Prior of students appears to have been elected, for a century afterwards we find, both

at Oxford and Cambridge, this officer, a doctor in the respective faculties of theology and canon law, recognised as part of the regular academic system.

By the way, your pun-loving heart will forgive me, I doubt not, if I break away for a moment from old-world lore to tell you of an incident of modern life which occurred in connection with this late scheme to recognise the Roman Catholic Hall of St. Edmund by the University. A neighbour of mine, a country parson of the old school, fond of sport, and not altogether ignorant, it is said, even of the racecourse at Newmarket, was travelling up to Cambridge to record his vote as a member of the Senate against what he considered this iniquitous proposal of the Roman Catholic residential Hall. He changed at Ely, which is a junction on the one hand for Newmarket and Bury St. Edmund and on the other for Cambridge. 'Ah, Rector!' called out to him a friend on the platform, 'going to Newmarket, I suppose?' 'No,' was his reply; 'I am going to *bury St. Edmund!*'

By far the most interesting, however, of the early manuscript books at Ely is the famous 'Liber Eliensis.' It was written by a monk of Ely named Thomas, who lived in the reign of Henry II., and is the original authority for all the events in connection with the conquest of the Isle by William

the Conqueror, used by Freeman in his History, and still better known, I suppose, as the quarry from which Charles Kingsley dug the facts upon which he based all the adventurous story of the last stand of the English under 'Hereward the Wake.' But of that story, and all the other legends of 'the Ely Book'—the miracle of St. Awdrey's chains (which gave the word 'tawdry' to the English language); the Battle of Malden, and the death of the Earl Brihtnoth, that Homeric hero whose death-words, 'God of nations! I thank Thee for all the joy I have had in life,' still rings down the centuries; the visit of King Canute to the monastery, and his song 'Merry sang the monks of Ely,' and many another early English legend—I must leave for another letter. For the afternoon bells are ringing for the Minster service, and the Dean of Ely must never forget the obligation—the Cathedral statutes would remind him of it if his own inclination churchward should ever fail—expressed in the words which John Milton, having then just taken his master's degree at Cambridge, wrote of Ely Minster:

> 'Let my due feet never fail
> To walk the studious cloister's pale,
> And love the high embowed roof,
> With antique pillars massy proof,
> And storied windows richly dight
> Casting a dim, religious light.

There let the pealing organ blow
To the full voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.'

Yours ever,
C. W. S.

II

IN THE GARDEN AT THE LIBERTY

'All success
Proves partial failure ; all advance implies
What's left behind ; all triumph something crushed
At the chariot wheels ; all government some wrong ;
And rich men make the poor, who curse the rich,
Who agonize together rich and poor
Under and over, in the social spasm
And crisis of the ages. Here's an age
That makes its own vocation ! here we have stepped
Across the bounds of time ! here's nought to see,
But just the rich man and just Lazarus,
And both in torments, with a mediate gulph,
Though not a hint of Abraham's bosom.'

MRS. BROWNING'S *Aurora Leigh.*

THERE are many beautiful gardens among the Cathedral closes of England, but none more beautiful, none more peaceful, than that of the Liberty House* on the green at Ely, where, in the early

* Pilgrims to Ely will be at a loss to think which house this can be. There is none bearing that name at Ely to-day. It would, however, in the old time have been a perfectly appropriate name for the home of some official connected with the

ACROSS THE GARDEN.

[*To face p.* 12.

June days of last year, Lady Deborah Godwyn and her daughter Joyce sat through the lengthening shadows of the summer afternoon. Above their heads swayed the dark branches of the great cedar, its long fingers stretching out over the bright patch of green lawn space beyond. That giant tree had been planted two hundred years ago by one of the Restoration Bishops, Dr. Peter Gunning, so tradition said, and now far overtopped the low east wing of the Liberty, and could, indeed, be seen for many a mile across the wide-stretching fens, as it towered up above the russet-tiled houses of the city, its dark shape outlined against the sky, graceful and characteristic almost as Prior Alan's wondrous lantern tower itself.

Dr. Godwyn was very proud of the great tree which was the glory of his garden, and he had many a story to tell to his guests, culled from the strange lore of the tree-worship of ancient days, about the magic virtue of the cedar, and sometimes would even argue—but this only in raillery—that the terebinth of Tamar under which Deborah, the prophetess of Israel, 'that great dame of Lapidoth,' as Tennyson calls her, sat and prophesied

ancient Franchise, or Royal *Liberty of S. Etheldreda*, in the Isle of Ely, the last remaining privileges of which were abolished by Act of Parliament in 1836. Nor will they be able to identify the cedar. There is some confusion surely here with the giant Oriental plane—the largest, it is said, in Europe—in the Palace garden.

in those old times, was no oak-tree or palm, as the commentators said, but a cedar like this in the ancient sanctuary of our own land at Ely, where now the Lady Deborah sat and prophesied over the teacups in the Liberty garden.

Ah, it was all very well for the good Doctor to rally his gentle wife, but there was no one who knew better than he did that Lady Deborah's prophetic gift was just as real, though very different, from that of her namesake in the old days. For no sweeter or more charming woman lived in all England than she. And yet to her husband's old Cambridge pupils for many a year she had been a very mother in Israel, ready always with wise answers and strong counsel for all a young man's questionings and perplexities and doubts; with motherly tact and sympathy, too, for all heart-troubles of another sort. And now that the Professor had retired from Cambridge to spend his last days at Ely, many were the confidences and confessions she heard in that 'green parlour' of hers, under the old tree in the Liberty garden. To that sanctuary of the cedar the young men came up, as in Israel of old, 'to hear her wise answers.' She had a hereditary right to this fruit of the spirit of counsel and strength, for she came of a governing race—one of those old Yorkshire families who had given 'Parliament men' to England through many generations, political

leaders, masterful and strong and upright, though rather fierce, perhaps, in religion and morals, and whose women-folk, while they lived simple and homely lives, were worthy daughters of the old Northern race, winsome and gentle and generous, but firm of character, resolute of will, royal of bearing. Ah yes! it was good for the Cambridge lads to have such a friend.

But it was better still for her daughter Joyce. And Joyce knew that very well as she sat at her mother's feet in the quiet garden, ready to pour out by-and-by all the confidences of her brave girl's heart. And she had much to tell. But meanwhile she sat musing awhile longer. She was just back home for a well-earned holiday after her work in the great northern city, where lately she had been appointed Lady Warden to the University Settlement. How deliciously cool it was beneath the dark shadows of the dear old tree—'patulæ recubans sub tegmine cedri'—how restful in this open-air parlour on the warm gravel where so often through her girlhood she had sat and talked and read and dreamed! How delightful it was to be back again! Ah, there was the old familiar scent—how fragrant!—of the old books and folios wafted out from the long room behind—mother's 'cedar room' they always called it—and the still more fragrant, sweeter scent of the roses and the flowers in the old mixed border under the sunny

wall. Yes, what a place that old-world garden had been in which to dream the dreams of youth, and perhaps sometimes to see visions which still she hoped one day to make realities! How the old associations of the place crowded on her mind, as her eye wandered down the long broad walk to the high cloister wall, and then up and beyond to where, only a hundred yards or so away, across the palace green, she could see through the vista of the cedar-boughs the great west front of the Minster standing out against the sky, massive and solemn.

'Look, mother!' she cried—'look at the jackdaws on the Minster vane! Do you remember how as a child I used to say that that was a sign of stormy weather, and to wonder how the jackdaws could always be so sure of knowing that, and, knowing it, why they always performed that quaint vesper dance up aloft there round the weather-vane?'

'Yes, child, I remember. You were always full of strange fancies about the Minster birds—not only the daws in the old tower, but the doves in the old tree. Let me see—how was it? The daws and the rooks were the souls of the black monks, and the gray stock doves were the Saxon Queens; and, let me see, the white owls—ah, well, I forget. But you were a quaint little devotee in those days, Joyce, when you were

always singing "lauds" to one or other of your heroes! How real to you then were all the old legends of our Ely heroes—the Earl Bryhtnoth, and King Knut the Dane, and Edward the Confessor, and Hereward! Has Girton and "the modern problem" quite spoilt all the old glamour?'

'Ah no, indeed, mother!'

'But, my child, "positive Socialist"—that, I think, in your last letter was the title you gave to your newest hero — your co-operative workman friend in Liverpool—was it not?'

'No, no, mother! I didn't say anything so ridiculous. I said Positivist-Socialist, not positive Socialist—the noun with a big "P," not the adjective with a little "p," and a hyphen, you know, German fashion: a compound term—Positivist-Socialist.'

'Ah, I see! and how much of each goes to the compound, I wonder, and when and how do they mix? But Comte, he is a new hero too, is he not? And isn't it a little difficult to reconcile loyalty to that dry old French precisian, 'programli Bir Adam'—'Roman Catholicism minus Christianity' I think I have heard your father once call his philosophy—with the old allegiance to our good Ely Queen, the Lady Ætheldryth? And yet I see you are still wearing your St. Awdrey chains, her badge of the shackle and the keys.

There was not much of the Socialist, I should fancy, about her. But probably you claim her as a Socialist in virtue of that community life she founded on the sacred isle; and she was Positivist enough, I do not doubt, if all the stories of her masterfulness in the old records are true. But I don't quite see how her shackle and three keys become a fit symbol for either the Positivist or the Socialist part of you.'

'Oh, surely yes, mother! For the shackle is the broken shackle, remember, and may well be the symbol of an emancipated soul, or a conquered despotism, or a shattered superstition. And the three keys, of course, are the keys of knowledge, reverence, and love, with which St. Awdrey ruled her convent in the old days, that brotherhood and sisterhood, Socialist to the core, and the symbols, also, no doubt, of that kingdom of God to come on earth, that emancipated society of the future which the Socialists will one day unlock for us with those same old keys. Why, think, mother, of that parable of the Bryhtstan story——'

'No, Joyce, no! I utterly refuse to think, or rather to listen, for that is what "think, mother," I know from old experience, means, when you mount your Girton hobby-horse, with the "Liber Eliensis" and the monk Thomas as a starting-point, and Karl Marx, or Lasalle, or Blachford and the *Clarion* for your goal. No! for I want to

hear all about your real work, dear, in Liverpool during the last six months—about the settlement, and the new ladies' hostel, and the work among the dockers, and the out-of-works, and the market girls, and not forgetting the Philharmonic and your music too, I hope, Joyce.'

'Ah, the music, mother! Could I ever have borne my life in that modern Tyre and Sidon if it had not been for my Strad, and those glorious Tuesday evenings at the Philharmonic?'

'By the way, dear, that reminds me the Precentor left a message for you. He has some Cambridge musical friends over to-day, and has promised them a recital in the Minster by moonlight. Will you play for him the Gounod "Ave" on your violin?'

'Dear old thing! of course I will—that is, at least, if the moon is propitious, and Queen Philippa smiles benignly, and the Abbess blesses me from her chair. Do you know, mother, that photograph of the octagon sculptures which the Precentor sent me as a birthday gift, and which I have hung in the place of honour in my room, has been a great comfort to me in all my troubles.'

'Troubles, Joyce?'

'Yes, troubles, mother; did you think there were no troubles with the "Philistines and them that dwell at Tyre"? You want, I know, a full report of all my doings, but, oh, mother, in that

"crowning city, whose merchants are princes, and whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth, the burden of the valley of vision is great."'

'The burden, Joyce?'

'Yes. Listen to this story, mother. I went last week into one of the dock parishes to visit an old cotton porter, whose wife was dying of cancer. For thirty-eight years he had worked off and on for one firm of shippers, and now he was "off" for good and all, for he was getting too old and weak to work with the younger men. It is the common story there. Work drives ever faster and faster, and the new methods displace the old people. He had joined no union or club, and his savings were all wellnigh gone. They were living in one room in a tumbledown old house at the end of a blind alley. But their room was clean and quiet, for it was at the back of the house, and looked out upon the yard of a large cooperage; free, at least, from the horrid human noises of the front-court, the yells of the children, the high-pitched voices of the women, the blasphemous cries and hoarse growls of the men. For here, through the open window of this little room, there came only the continuous clangour of sound, rhythmic, almost musical, as one became accustomed to it, from the hundred hammers or more ringing in steady measure as the coopers fixed the hoops upon the hollow casks, reverberating with

every stroke. It was a picturesque scene enough, busy and full of life, upon which the dying woman looked down from her window. And the great slowly rising pyramid of barrels in the background, piled up sky-high, topping the houses in the street beyond, and blocking out the light of the setting sun, seemed to suggest no sad thoughts to her as it did to me. For aught I know, indeed, that mountain of casks may have seemed to her an outpost of the Delectable Hills, for when I said to her, as I thought by way of comfort—what else, mother, could one say?—"The pain will soon be over, Mary, now! Before long you will be in heaven!" she burst out upon me in her dying rapture: "Ah, thank God, miss, I've been in heaven—we've been in heaven, Jem and me—any time this last ten years!" Heaven! Heaven!'

'"Love can make a heaven in hell's despite"—you remember, Joyce?'

'Yes, I suppose that is true. It was so with them, at any rate. But it was hard to believe in heaven, mother, as one went from that death-bed side, and the little quiet space glorified by those loving hearts, into that inferno outside—into those streets of squalid poverty, with their crowds of hopeless, reckless men; of hulking, loafing youths hanging in blighted groups at the gin-shop door; the little knots of unmotherly mothers and unwomanly women, who nigh turn motherhood to

shame, womanliness to loathing. Ah, mother, as Browning says, "It is hard sometimes to be a Christian."'

'And they had no children to help them, these two poor folk?'

'No—yes—one daughter; but she . . . well, she had wandered away . . . and they had heard nothing of her for years. Two days after my visit the poor soul died, and the old man went straight from his wife's pauper grave into the workhouse.'

'And you could do nothing to prevent that?'

'Yes, thank God! I did do something. I went first to his employer—a big city merchant, a Town Councillor, much given to philanthropic platforms. I put the case to him.

'"Thirty-eight years in your employ," I said.

'"Ah, but, my dear young lady!" he began—and I was obliged to sit still, submerged under the weight of his eloquence—"but, my dear young lady! A cotton porter, you say? Well, it is true, at this season of the year, there is a certain amount of abnormal distress, confined, however, to two branches of industry—cotton porters, and boiler-makers and ship-smiths. Your protégé, I understand, was a cotton porter. The cotton porters are suffering because the cotton operatives in Oldham are foolishly out on strike against a proposal to reduce their wages five per cent.; the boiler-makers are out of work because their

masters have been compelled—again because of the trades unions—to close their ship-building yards, and one of the oldest industries belonging to our port is practically at an end. In both of these cases, however, the trade has been paralyzed through the demands of the workmen being more than the capitalist can afford to pay. The Central Relief Committee of the city, however, of which I am a patron and a subscriber, assure me that the general distress in the city very slightly exceeds its normal extent. There may be, as you say, individual cases of distress. How such cases are to be avoided in our complex state of society, I confess I do not know. And I will permit myself to add that I find it hard to concede the intellectual thoroughness of people—pardon me, my dear, for my daughter, I think, told me that you were high up in the History and Economic Tripos at Cambridge—I say, I find it hard to believe in the intellectual thoroughness of those who claim that they do know. You, probably, make this claim in zeal and sincerity, and, possibly, even pity my ignorance. But, believe me, after some years spent in the professional study of the practical side of economic science of all sorts, the simplest requirements of candour compel me to say that the causes of economic distress are extremely numerous and complex. They are partly known and partly unknown, partly seen and partly unseen.

Of those which we know, many are not to be controlled by any means at our disposal. The welfare of the working classes depends much more on what takes place in the sun than on the proceedings in Parliament or in the Town Hall. The consequence of bad harvests cannot be evaded. If the doings of the sun reduce the cotton crop from eight to six million bales, I fail, my dear young lady, to see how the manipulation of the six is likely to afford the same amount of employment as that of the eight. Draft the men thus thrown out of work—perhaps you would suggest—to other employment?"

'"No, Sir John," I managed to interpolate here; "I merely wanted to ask whether you could do anything to help Jem Burbage, the cotton porter, who had been in your employ for thirty-eight years when this last sun-spot displaced him."

'"Certainly—certainly; I will tell the cashier to write out a ticket, which he can take to the secretary of the Central Relief Committee, who will do all that is necessary, unless, indeed, as I suspect, it is a case for the Poor Law authorities. This way into the outer office. Good-morning."

'Oh, mother, mother, isn't such Pecksniffery enough to "stain the pride of all glory, to bring into contempt all the honourable of the earth"?'

'Well, yes, dear, it does perhaps remind one a little of that devil's thought expressed by the Liverpool poet long ago in his "Dipsychus":

'"This world is very odd we see,
We do not comprehend it;
But in one fact we all agree:
God won't, and *we* can't mend it.
Being common-sense, it can't be sin
To take it as we find it:
The pleasure to take pleasure in,
The pain try not to mind it."

But you did not do that, I am sure, Joyce?'

'No, indeed, mother; I . . . But here comes father! The tea is quite cold, daddy, and black and poisonous. Shall I ring for more?'

'No, no, Joyce; I merely came to tell your mother that I have had a telegram from Thorold Arkwright, and that he will join our week-end house-party perhaps to-night, and that he is bringing his friend Trafford with him, the son of my old Liverpool friend,—the Member for the Flint Boroughs,—you remember, Deborah?'

'Oh, but that is very curious, father, for as you came in I was just going to tell mother how old Mr. Trafford helped me last week with one of my poor old folk, a certain cotton porter named Burbage, and helped me in the very best way, fully and adequately; for he promised that Burbage should be taken in at once at the Brownlow Almshouses, and be well cared for there for the rest of his days. What a splendid man, father, Philip Trafford is!'

'Yes, Joyce, a really good man: *commune bonus*, as the old Romans said once of one of their great

citizens—good with a goodness serviceable to the commonwealth; for he does indeed know how to spend his great wealth wisely, to give generously to honest need, and yet at the same time in no way to lessen the virtue of all true service, the store of individual love and tactful sympathy. Yes, a good man indeed, Joyce.'

'Yes; and how simple and modest! Did you hear what he said the other day, father, when they gave him the freedom of the city?'

'No.'

'Well, there were many speeches, of course, and much adulation from the magnates at the Town Hall. But the dear old man was so modest and so dignified through it all, and, when he had to speak, said quite simply: "It is very easy, fellow-citizens, for a rich man to win the title of generous; it is very difficult for him to deserve it." Wasn't that a golden sentence?'

'Yes, Joyce, better, perhaps, than even Goethe's —"No man should be rich who does not understand it." Well, I am glad that Arkwright is bringing Trafford's son with him; I shall be glad to meet him. I hope he may prove as fine a fellow as his father, for we want such men to take the lead in the civic life of our big towns. But perhaps you know him, Joyce?'

'Well, hardly. I met him once some months back at the Kendales', but I had no talk with him.

At dinner, I remember, he talked chiefly to the two Professors, and he looked vivacious and alert, but I believe their conversation was mainly of golf-clubs and bunkers. But I should think he must be a good sort if he is a friend of Toby Arkwright.'

'Well, we shall see. You still call Arkwright "Toby," then?'

'Why, of course, father! I have known Thorold Arkwright ever since we went to kindergarten together.'

'And the after Cambridge "bracket," I fancy, did not teach you reverence?'

'Reverence, father—reverence for Toby!'

'Ah, well, the young, I suppose, cannot feel reverence for the young! But we old seniors, at any rate, have learned lately to hold Thorold Arkwright in vast respect, not only because he was Third Wrangler, and Smith's Prizeman, and Fellow of his college, even though he was also "bracketed" in the Historic Tripos with a certain irreverent young graduate, Jocosa Godwyn of Girton. It is not every young Don that gets his F.R.S. before he is thirty, and an Admiralty appointment for original researches into the law which governs the flotation and oscillation of ships at sea, and for very practical work, too, in naval construction and marine engineering. Anyhow, I must respect the F.R.S., Joyce.'

'And I the "bracket," father.'

III

SUNSET ON THE RIVER

'Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the waves that run for ever
By the island in the river,
Flowing down to Camelot.
By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges trailed
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed,
Skimming down to Camelot.'

TENNYSON.

'By Jove, Toby, do hold her up a moment and steer into the bank! I believe I see a specimen of the *Caltha palustris*, which I thought was quite extinct. No, a yard or two further; that's it—by the root of the willow. Give me the boat-hook! Ah! and a plant of the two-leaved bog orchis. Also, what luck! *Strumia Læselii*, which I thought was not to be found on this side of the planet, though it is common enough, I believe, in New Zealand. What a paradise for botanists these fen rivers must be!'

THE MINSTER FROM THE RIVER.

To face p. 28.

'Yes, so the Bishop's chaplain tells me; but really, old chap, if we are to reach Ely before sunset, you must give up botanizing for to-day. We can easily make an expedition by-and-by, and explore both Wicken and Soham lode; and I will get Mertens to come with us. I hear there are a good many rare fen plants still to be found there, to say nothing of first-class butterflies, and you can grub about and bug-hunt to your heart's content. I shall be glad to go, too, for I want to look up the tomb of Henry Cromwell, who was buried in the church at Wicken, and also of that old Parliamentarian Peyton, who wrote a pamphlet about "The Divine Catastrophe of the House of Stewart." But we must really hurry up now. We are still a good couple of miles from the lock at Upware, and old Gotobed the lockman is bound to make a delay there in getting the launch through, and Ely is quite seven miles further on. Push her off, you have the hook. Turn her nose out. That's it! Steady! Now, off she goes!'

* * * * *

Thorold Arkwright and Ashley Trafford were old friends. They had entered Cambridge in the same year, and, though Trafford was a King's man and Arkwright was at Trinity, they had met in the room of a common friend, and, at first chiefly drawn together by their ardent love

of music, had seen much of one another during the whole of their University time, both in term time and vacation.

Trafford was the son, as we have heard, of a leading Liverpool merchant, and since taking his degree had joined his father's firm, and had rapidly developed the family gift of money-making—a gift which seemed as much a matter of heredity with the Traffords as their philanthropy. For the last year or two he had been a member of the Town Council, interested in all questions of civic reform, especially devoting himself to the work of the Arts Committee—the management of the city museum and picture-gallery, and the organization of the Saturday evening concerts for the people. His fellow-townsmen were already looking to him as a likely candidate for Parliamentary honours.

Thorold Arkwright was the son of the well-known Archdeacon Arkwright, of Tottenhoe, in North Devon, a typical Devonshire parson of the old school, though by heredity he came of a good old Yorkshire stock, being, indeed, a cousin of Lady Deborah Godwyn. He had been at Blundell's School, Tiverton, and had come up to Trinity with a school Exhibition, winning a Foundation Scholarship in mathematics in his first term. He had worked hard—and played hard—all his time, with the result that he not only took a very brilliant degree, being Third Wrangler and First

Smith's Prizeman, but was also President of the University Musical Society and stroke of his college boat. In the following year he also took the Historical Tripos, but he began also at the same time those practical experiments in Applied Mathematics which during the next few years were to gain him a European reputation. His discovery of the mechanical possibilities of that form of motion which came to be known as the trochoidal sea-wave, in accordance with which the ships of His Majesty's Navy have all been designed, and the remarkable series of papers, recording and explaining his experiments, read before the Institution of Civil Engineers, had not only won for him his F.R.S., but his present very responsible position as one of the chief technical advisers to the Admiralty. He was now living at the Red House at Ely, a picturesque old place on the riverside wharf, and had established there a small engine and machine shop for carrying out the further experiments which he was making for the Naval Construction Committee of the Admiralty. The long, straight reaches of the Cam at Ely, whose waters for days together were undisturbed by even a passing gault-barge, the out-of-the-world, sleepy solitude of the little city itself, exactly suited this strenuous investigator, who could thus carry out his plans with little chance of disturbance or observation from either fussy

Government officials of his own country, or possibly the prying curiosity of foreign engineers belonging to the Intelligence Department of some Continental Power. His last work had been to construct in his workshop by the wharf the dynamometer which has since proved so invaluable in testing and determining the power of large marine engines. For the last eighteen months, however, he had been engaged in a long and elaborate investigation into the expenditure of power in screw ships, and the true forms and proportions of the blades of screw propellers. It was in connection with these researches, and the consequent speed-trials of various boat forms driven by screw propellers, that he had built the beautiful electric launch, the *Bittern*, in which he and his friend Trafford had been speeding for the last hour along the river from Cambridge towards Ely.

* * * * *

'So you still keep up your history, Toby? I thought you had no time for anything but the Admiralty work and your dynamometer.'

'Oh, well, no; I don't really do any serious work, of course, in that line now. I have little time, as you say; but one can't live in a place like Ely without having some interest in the old traditions of the place and neighbourhood, and

the old Precentor—you remember him?—bothered me to write a paper for the local Antiquarian Society on the "Stewart and Cromwell Families," and this Henry of Wicken was a brother of Oliver, I find. Moreover, I daren't get quite rusty, you know, for fear of my little kinswoman—the Bracket.'

'The Bracket?'

'Yes, Joyce Godwyn; don't you remember? She and I were bracketed together in the History Tripos in '96.'

'So you were. Of course—yes. I remember now how the men chaffed you. "History Tripos. First class—senior: Reddany, King's; second, (bracketed): Thorold Arkwright, Trinity; Jocosa Godwyn, Girton." By the way, what a lovely girl she has grown!'

'Ah! I suppose you have met her lately in Liverpool. She is head of the University Settlement there.'

'Yes, at the Kendales' a month or two ago; but I could get no talk with her. At dinner she was at the other end of the table, and in the drawing-room afterwards she was monopolized by the Political Economy Professor, and I hadn't a chance.'

'Well, you'll have a chance to-night very likely, for I hear she is at home again at the Liberty for a week or two, and I promised the Doctor to take

you round to-night if we arrived in time; and, anyhow, we dine there to-morrow.'

'Good! But I don't suppose I shall get on with her at all. She has become a very ardent and, I fear, rather mischievous type of Socialist.'

'Rubbish!'

'It is quite true, Toby. Indeed, I believe the whole settlement is much of the same way of thinking.'

'But they call themselves *Christian* Socialists, don't they?'

'Very possibly. But what then?'

'Ah! I see you don't accept the distinction which the late Bishop of London, I think it was, used to draw between the *Christian* Socialists and the other sort.'

'I have never heard of it.'

'Well, he said the other sort of Socialist took as his motto, "What is yours is mine," while the Christian Socialist said, "What is mine is yours."'

'I have met a good many of the first sort, Toby; but I have never met any of the second.'

'Then you have never met my friend Ivan Strogoff?'

'*Your* friend?'

'Yes. Have you ever met him?'

'No. But surely you can't mean the man—a Russian refugee, I fancy—who was brought down

by that fellow Blachford of the *Clarion* to lecture on "Anarchism" to the workmen on Sunday afternoons at the Settlement?'

'Well, did you hear him?'

'Not I.'

'You should. For Strogoff, so far from being a dangerous revolutionary, such as you evidently suppose him to be, is in reality quite one of the best Christians I ever met. But you will probably be able to judge for yourself to-morrow. He is staying with the Shalers at Cambridge, and they are pretty sure to bring him over to dine at the Liberty. You know Shaler, I think?'

'Yes. But Shaler has no sympathies with the Socialists. He is one of the most level-headed men I know; likely as not, they say, to be a Cabinet Minister before the year is out.'

'True. But what do you mean by a Socialist, Trafford?'

'Well, you couldn't have a much better definition, I think, than that of Ebenezer Elliot, the old Sheffield Corn Law Rhymer:

> '"What is a Socialist? One who hath yearnings
> For equal division of unequal earnings.
> A rogue or a bungler, or both, he is willing
> To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling."'

'Ah! a clever epigram I grant, Trafford, but, like, perhaps, the majority of personal epigrams, it is not honest, and it is not true—I mean not authentic.

The lines, I am sure, cannot be Ebenezer Elliot's. Have you ever read his "Corn Law Rhymes"? Do you remember the Jacobin's Prayer?—"Avenge the plundered poor, O Lord!" How do the lines go?—

> '"Avenge the plundered poor, O Lord!
> But not with fire, but not with sword,
> Not as at Peterloo they died,
> Beneath the hoofs of coward pride.
> Avenge our rags, our chains, our sighs,
> The famine in our children's eyes!
>
> * * * * *
>
> '"Whip them, O Lord, with poverty!
> Then cold in soul as coffin'd dust,
> Their hearts as tearless, dead and dry,
> Let them in outraged mercy trust,
> And find that mercy they deny!"

I am afraid "the cotton lords of Peterloo," as he calls you Lancashire merchants, would find Ebenezer Elliot a much more bitter social agitator than my friend Ivan Strogoff. But we must postpone our Socialist argument for the present. Here comes the lock! I had better get out and lend the old man a hand with the windlass.'

The old lockman certainly justified his very characteristic name, for even with Arkwright's help he took some time to get the lock-sluices open and the water-levels changed, so that a good half-hour or more had passed before the little launch shot out of the lock gates and once

more sped onwards to the last stage of its journey to Ely.

But now so wonderful a thing had happened that all thought of modern problems was forgotten in the silence that fell upon the two friends as they sat absorbed in the glory of the sight before them.

A mile or two beyond the lock they had turned a sudden bend in the river, and the last long reach of some two or three miles opened before them, a shining water-street of silver stretching away in long straight perspective lines to the towers of Ely in the far distance. During the greater part of the journey their course had lain between comparatively high banks, blocking out all view of the country on either side; but here, as they were approaching Ely and striking once more the old bed of the Ouse, the flood-banks and dykes were set much further back, leaving a wide margin of green meadows stretching down to the water-edge on both sides of the river. Across these 'washes,' so-called doubtless because of their winter aspect of wide flood-lands, but now in midsummer, green with lush grass, and edged along the water-side with bullrush and waterflag, and flowering sedge, the view of the wide flat country on either side of the river, as the little boat sped along in mid-channel, was far-stretching and ample, with a beauty almost like that of the ocean itself—bound-

less and vast and free. And over the wide expanse of country, in the slowly lessening lights of this summer afternoon, what a transformation scene kindly Nature was preparing with her magic wand! In the immediate foreground there was rapidly rising over the water-meadows a low-lying sheet of silvery evening mist, blurring the boundaries of land and river. Shortly the little boat seemed as if it were moving over a vast inland lake. Here and there the surface of the magic water, rippling in the golden evening light like waves upon a sunset sea, appeared to be dotted with tiny green islets, and now and then a fishing-boat, which in reality were but clumps of waterflag, or tussocks of marsh-fern, or some single crown of pollarded willow, whose tops were breaking through the mist. Suddenly, as they shot under the Newmarket Bridge and beyond, the mist lifted, and there standing out against the sky was Ely, the dark purple outline of the island city, with its grouping of russet-tiled houses, rising step by step, crowned with the many-towered mass of the great Minster, somewhat magnified, perhaps, in the golden haze.

> 'The charmed sunset lingered low adown
> In the red west.'

At the highest point of all the lofty lantern tower was bathed in golden light, and its windows were still flashing with the high reflected lights of the

setting sun as the glories of the western sky paled slowly through all shades of roseate colour into the soft, luminous twilight of the warm June night.

'What a golden picture, Thorold! and that mass of the Minster piled up there on the hill-top, could anything be more impressive? One surely needs no "pathetic fallacy," such as Ruskin theorized as the source of artistic joy in the beauty of the landscape, to make one feel the mystic loveliness of such a scene as that? Who that had any soul at all could miss it?'

'Perhaps not; and yet the "pathetic fallacy" is most surely there, as Ruskin said. For think of the sunset as you will, Trafford, the Minster, after all, is the centre of the picture, and you cannot visualize that with your mind's eye without the thought also of the "human interest" of it all —the long history of its thousand years and more of life, the bede-roll of its heroes, the long un broken line of the Abbots and Kings, Priors and Monks, Bishops and Deans, whose life-history is so closely bound up with the story of those old walls and towers. No, the sunset lights alone, Trafford, even "the virtuous touch of the arch-chemic sun," as Milton calls it, in building up

> '"So many precious things
> Of colours glorious and effects so rare,"

without the human interest of that old Minster,

and of what the Minster means for us Englishmen —the faith and fear and reverence of our forefathers in the beginnings of our nation's history, of which those gray towers of deep-wrought stone are the most heart-compelling witness—would never have awakened in you so sympathetic a response.'

'Well, perhaps not. Of course, one cannot deny that the intrusion of the human element into any landscape must give a more vivid interest to the scene.'

'With me it *is* so, certainly. Indeed, I often find in looking upon any new scene in Nature for the first time, and concerning which I have no traditions of what the historians call *le paysage historique*, that I am continually asking myself, "What is the meaning of it all?" in the words of my old favourite, Walt Whitman—who was, I remember, a special *bête noir* of yours in the old Cambridge days:

> '"What is this in it and from it?
> Thou soul unloosened—the restlessness after I know not what."

And then when I have learnt my bit of history and put into it the local colour, it is always a delight to me to go and see my scene again, and "spell backwards" to the human element of it.'

'And to-day, you mean, with all that glorious

history of the past, there was no need to "spell backwards" from the sunset picture?'

'No, indeed; the reading was very easy and straightforward. You must have felt that. When, for example, we ran into that shimmering silver mist half an hour ago, and instead of the river only for our foreground we had that magic mirage of the wide-stretching mere, did you not feel, as I did immediately, an added thrill of joy as the picture rose before you of how a thousand years and more ago in this very place, across just such a sweep of golden water, though it was reality then and not only poetic seeming, King Canute sailed his barge to the Island City, and, touched as we were by the magic loveliness of the scene, burst into that carol, a verse of which has floated down to us across the ages:

> '"Oh, merry sang the monks of Ely,
> When Knut the King he rowed thereby.
> Row near the land, men, cried the King,
> And let us hear these good monks sing"'?

'I wonder what became of the other verses.'

'Yes, I have often wondered. I tried once to write out a carol on those lines. I must read it to you some day. But here we are, Trafford, at the wharf at last, and there is the faithful Brymer at the landing-steps with his boathook, a lineal descendant, you will rightly guess, if you judge wisely, not by his birth, but by his girth

and by his loyalty, of that old Saxon churl Bryhtmer, to whom Canute on another occasion gave his nickname of "Budde" (the Gross) and the freedom of his lands, for piloting him safely across the frozen floods to the *Portus Pusillus* of the monks of Ely.'

IV

'AD NATALEM DOMINI'

(THE CAROL OF KING CANUTE)

['On a certain day King Canute came to Ely in a boat, accompanied by his wife, the Queen Emma, and the chief nobles of his kingdom, hoping to keep there the solemn Festival of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, and when the boat came to the Portus Pusillus of the monastery, the King raised his eyes aloft to the great church which close by stood up on the rocky eminence, and was aware of a sound of great sweetness, and listening intently heard the melody increase, and perceived it was the monks singing in the convent their psalms and chanting "the hours"; and calling his people about him, he exhorted them also to sing with gladness, he himself with his own mouth expressing the joy of his heart in a little song of English words of which this verse is the beginning:

"Merie sungen þe Munecheſ binnen Ely
Þa Cnut chinȝ reu þerby.
Roþeþ cniƿeſ noer the land
And here þe þeſ Munecheſ ſænȝ"—

and in Latin it is this—

"Dulce cantaverunt monachi in Ely
Dum Canutus rex navigaret prope ibi,

Nunc milites navigate proprius ad terram,
Et simul audiamus monachorum harmoniam."

And there are other verses which follow, which up even to our own time are sung, being still treasured among the old ballads.'—Liber Eliensis, ii. 85.]

I

O MERRY rang the hymn
Across the fenlands dim
(O Joy the Day!),
When Knüt the King sailed by.
O row, my men, more nigh
And hear that holy cry:
Sing Gloria!

II

From Ely Minster then
Rang out across the fen
(O Joy the Day!)
The good monks' merry song
That rolled its aisles among,
And echoed far and long:
Sing Gloria!

III

It was the Christmas morn
Whereon the Child was born
(O Joy the Day!)

On lily banks among,
Where fragrant flowers do throng
For maiden posies sprung ?
Ah nay ! Ah nay !

IV

It was the winter cold
Whereon the tale was told
(O Joy the Day !)
What hap did then befall
To men and women all
From that poor cattle stall :
Sing Gloria !

V

The shepherds in a row
Knelt by the cradle low
(O Joy the Day !),
And told the Angel song
They heard their sheep among
When all the heavenly throng
Sang Gloria !

VI

Glory to God on high,
Who bringeth men anigh,
(Sing Gloria !)
And War's black death did ban,
And Peace on earth began,
And Christ the Word made Man :
Sing Joy the day !

VII

Sing Joy, my masters, sing,
And let the welkin ring,
O Gloria!
And 'Nowell! Nowell!' cry,
The Child is King most high,
O sovran victory!
Sing Joy the Day!

THE MINSTER NAVE.

[*To face p.* 47.

V

IN THE MINSTER BY MOONLIGHT

'A city built to music,
Therefore never built at all;
And therefore built for ever.'

TENNYSON.

A Letter from Thorold Arkwright to his Sister, Mrs. Violet Butler.

THE RED HOUSE, ELY,
June 17, 1900.

DEAR VIOLET,

I know you will quote your favourite hero to me, and say, 'The best discourse on music is silence!' And yet I must somehow try to describe to you the scene in the Minster to-night, not only for the music's sake, which I know you love, but for your brother's sake, whom I think you love better, and who needs a little sisterly sympathy just now very badly. But how to tell you? Do you remember, Violet, that incident in the life of Schumann where he is described as going upon pilgrimage to the tomb of Beethoven,

and finding there, by an odd chance, lying on the gravestone, a steel pen, of which he then and there took possession and appropriated to his own use; and being, as you know, himself a poet as well as musician, much given, therefore, to moods of mystic association, he ever afterwards used this pen for his most special work, as, for example, when he was writing his D minor Sonata, or that notice, which was itself a poem, of Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor. Well, I need that pen to-night very certainly, for those pieces, both of them, we heard in the Minster. For this was our recital programme:

1. Prelude and Fugue in A minor - - *Bach.*
2. Andante (violin) - - - - *Schubert.*
3. Verset - - - - - *Dubois.*
4. Canon (B minor) - - - - *Schumann.*
5. Peer Gynt Suite - - - - *Grieg.*
6. Largo (New World Symphony) - - *Dvorâk.*
7. March Funebre } - - - - *Guilmant.*
   Chant Seraphique }
8. Andante (violin) - - - - *Schumann.*
9. Prelude and Fugue in E ♭ (St. Ann) - *Bach.*

But let me try to picture the scene. I told you, I think, that my old college chum, Trafford, was staying with me at the Red House, having joined me at Cambridge last week. We dined here alone, and afterwards went up to the Liberty, intending to have a quiet smoke and gossip with Dr. Godwyn. But we found him and his party

just going over to a 'moonlight' organ recital in the Cathedral. The old Precentor had arranged the music for some of his Cambridge friends, and had persuaded Joyce Godwyn to play that beautiful Andante movement from Schumann's D minor Sonata. You have heard what a skilled violinist she is. The recital was held in the dark—at least, with only such illumination as was given by the moon and a candle or two in the organ-gallery. No one was present except the Precentor's friends, one or two privileged 'college people,' and ourselves, for, of course, we only too gladly joined the Godwyn party. 'Big Walsingham' boomed out the hour of nine as we crossed the Deanery garden. It was a glorious night, the moon sailing high amid white fleecy clouds, the Minster, indeed, in that silvery light, 'magic and matchless.' You remember, perhaps, the lines:

'Gold-bright in sunrise,
Gold-red in sunset,
Gray in the waning,
Kissed by the moonbeams,
Glimmering through mist-cloud,
Magic and matchless.
Tower of the Lord God, Lord everlasting,
Dreaming o'er fenland, and upland, and seaboard,
All through the ages guarding her heroes.'

And, indeed, as we stood for a moment in the Cloister Garth by the Prior's Door and looked up at the massive grandeur of the great building, the

lofty western tower standing out above us against the starry sky, all of it, from its massive base, with rugged and yet rich arcaded Norman windows, upwards to the lighter lancets and filleted columns of the loftier transitional work, alternately bathed in moonlight or drowned in shadow, the vast repose of it, keeping thus through the ages its stern, immemorial watch, seemed strangely voiceful to us, as with ghostly whispers from the past, telling of all the life of labour and sacrifice and prayer and praise of the men, kings and nobles and abbots and priors and monks, doctors and saints, statesmen and scholars and poets, masters of words and deeds, but all makers of our England, to whose voices, in the old monastic days or in later years, these sacred walls have daily echoed. And very ghostly, too, did we feel ourselves to be, I think, as we entered the great church, the door clanging behind us, the echo of it rolling mysteriously away from us into the unseen distances, as we stood for a moment awed and silent in the darkness. With some difficulty we groped our way to chairs placed for us at the extreme western end of the nave. There was no artificial light, as I said, in the whole vast building except the candles by the organist's seat in the north choir aisle. But soon our eyes became more accustomed to the dim light, and the long line of the Norman nave began to show itself, its lofty

columns looming up like giants on either side. A sudden gleam of moonlight through the clerestory windows revealed the outline of the great nave arches, rank above rank, leading onwards in long, dim perspective to the comparative brightness of the great octagon itself, through whose lofty lantern windows the moon poured down its silver beams, touching the clustered columns and arches of the great vault with mystic light, making, indeed, of that incomparable architectural feature of Ely a glorious vision out of the darkness, a dream of beauty, and though a dream in stone, yet leaving behind it an impression, I feel, upon my memory as enduring as the stone itself. I cannot tell you how I was affected. By daylight even I know no building, no shrine of worship, so noble, so inspiring, so uplifting, as this Ely octagon. Nowhere in the vast treasury of medieval art which has come down to us in these great minsters, which mean, perhaps, more to us Englishmen than to others—unless, indeed, it be to our American kinsfolk—because they are so closely intertwined with the life and history of our people, do I know a building in which the characteristics of power and beauty are so harmoniously blended into complete unity of design as in this great work of Alan de Walsingham's genius. Here we seem to have from foundation to summit the organic growth of Nature, and with it not only the imaginative grace

of varied line and curve, but also the more consummate beauty of perfect symmetry and proportion. And all this, as you may well suppose, seemed sublimated in the moonlight. I am sure we all felt—even Trafford, with his strong practical business sense of things—something of the wonderful poetic glamour of the scene as we sat waiting there by the west door in the darkness.

Suddenly an invisible hand touched the organ, and out of the far silence came creeping along the groined arches a soft mellow wave of sound, sweet and solemn, rolling gently all about us, lapping against the wall behind us in tender ripple like that of the warm summer sea on the sand, then dying down into silence. It was a message from the old master Sebastian Bach, the opening chords of that Prelude which ends in such a glorious fugue of sound. You remember it, don't you? We heard it together at Windsor, that first time we met Sir Walter. The organist here is a pupil of his, and a worthy one. Certainly I never heard the Bach played more divinely, with such tone and depth, or intelligence of the master's meaning. And yet what is the essential meaning of that marvellous fugue?

'Is it your moral of life?
Such a web, simple and subtle,
Weave we on earth here in impotent strife,
Backward and forward each throwing his shuttle,
Death ending all with a knife?

'Over our heads Truth and Nature—
Still our life's zigzags and dodges,
Ins and outs, weaving a new legislature—
God's gold just shining its last where that lodges
Palled beneath man's usurpature!'

Who shall say? And yet surely I did seem to get a view of the far land to-night as I listened to those rolling chords of Bach pealing through the arches, and to learn other lessons still more needed perhaps—yes, very much more needed—as I listened to the Andante movement of the Schubert Symphony. I had not conceived it possible that a violin in that vast building could have sounded other than weak and feeble, and certainly anticipated that its voice would have been absolutely drowned by the organ accompaniment. But how mistaken I was! I was fairly startled at first by the richness and fulness of tone as the haunting sweetness of the Schubert melody swept along the roof spaces, and, soaring up into the vaulted dome, seemed to be caught up and echoed back by the choir of angels painted on the lofty lantern panels.

You remember what a miracle of wild tender grace Schubert has thrown into that Andante movement, alternately so touching, so wild, so artless, so gloomy, so furious, so tender, so pathetic. It is the very soul of the man. I had never heard it so perfectly rendered.

And then, too, Joyce herself, I confess, was a

surprise. It was not only that she played with a power and pathos that I cannot describe. But how beautiful she was, how graceful! She stood just outside the gates of the choir within the circle of moonlight falling on the pavement from the octagon windows above, a swaying graceful figure, white against the screen of darkness beyond. When she began to play I had left my friends, and had gone by the south aisle to where in the shadow of one of the great piers I could watch her more closely. A fugitive moonbeam caught now her hand or the violin bow as she played, and now her face as she swayed a little forward into the circle of light. With what a brightness of inspiration her eyes seemed to glow, and how pathetic was the strange look of yearning and devotion with which she gazed upward to where at the end of a label of the northern arch the portrait-sculpture of Queen Philippa, her crown glittering in the moonlight, smiled down upon her as she played!

I had heard from Lady Deborah of this strange fanciful heroine-worship of the dead Queen, and of the mystical feeling of help and sympathy which her daughter undoubtedly gained from it. And whether fanciful or not, it certainly was now giving a wonderful expression of tender beauty to her face that I had never seen there before.

Why is it, I wonder, that one can know a face

well, quite familiarly even, as I have known the face of Joyce Godwyn for years, and feel, too, all the intellectual charm of it, its friendly graciousness and sympathy, and yet never really see its true loveliness and beauty until some sudden change of aspect takes us by surprise one day and the true secret of its beauty flashes out upon us, and the face is changed for us for ever, and with it the face of all the world.

> 'Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
> And the little less, and what worlds away!
> How a sound can quicken content to bliss,
> Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
> And life be a proof of this!'

And that is my case to-night, Violet, as I doubt not long ere this your sisterly discernment has guessed. But, anyhow, as Browning ends, 'the whole is well worth thinking o'er.' And so I return to the music: for there is no accompaniment of such thought like that, my sister.

And yet after the Schubert melodies I do not seem to remember much of our programme. During the three movements of Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite, a funeral march by Guilmant, his 'Hymn of Seraphs,' and another organ piece by Dvoràk, which I did not know, I must have been merely 'dreaming to the music.' I awoke to life again, however, with the lyric cry of the violin, wailing through the arches the pathetic melody of

Schumann's D minor Sonata (Op. 121). But of that simple melody, played as Joyce played it—I can hear it singing in my heart still—I cannot speak even to you, Violet. It seemed the revelation of a human heart, too sacred almost to have been overheard.

An hour had all too quickly passed. As a last piece, Dr. Earl played Bach's great St. Ann Prelude and Fugue in E♭. As the first solemn chords of his majestic theme rolled out, the clouds were evidently gathering about the moon, and before the movement had proceeded far the whole building was for a time plunged into darkness. We sat listening, absorbed, excited, attent, our nerves more tremulous, I think, more conscious, certainly, of the excess of our emotion by reason of the darkness. Then gradually, as the 'moon's might freed a space from cloud,' glints of light touched into life again the outlines of arch and vault and column. It seemed as if the master musician's hand on the keys was rebuilding the Cathedral from its base once more. As when Solomon of old —so runs the legend of the Koran—built a palace for the Princess he loved, he summoned to his aid all armies of angels and demons by the ineffable Name on his magic ring, so now all the keys and stops, submitting to the magic power of the master hand, combined to aid him, the low notes rushing in like demons to give him the base on

which to build his mighty temple of sound, the high notes like angels crowding to their many ministries of art and form and order and proportion, as the building rose in all its wonder of clustered column, and high springing arch, and flying buttress, and graceful vault—up and up, higher and still higher, until the pinnacled glory of the lantern crown was reached, towering into the starry sky.*

I cannot tell you, Violet, how, sitting in that mystic shadowed light, wrapped about with such surging waves of sound, one's very soul seemed upborne into a realm where the limits of time and space had gone—'there was no more near nor far'—and in that strange fusion of heaven and earth solemn presences seemed to hover about us —spirits of the dead men and women, 'the wonderful dead, who had passed through the body and gone,' whose bones rest still beneath the stones of this hallowed place. The great Queen Ætheldryth herself, virgin and saint, first foundress of the abbey, twelve centuries ago; Bryhtnoth, the stout Saxon Alderman; Simeon, the first Norman Abbot, bold, in spite of his hundred years, to begin the building of the present church; all the long line of Bishops and Priors, knights and warriors,

* Goethe (see his 'Conversations,' p. 378) called architecture 'petrified music,' and added, 'The tone of mind produced by architecture approaches the effect of music.'

Chancellors and statesmen ; the genius of Alan de Walsingham, monk and master-builder and flower of workmen—all lured, as it were, by the power of music, made palpable by its passion, importunate to walk the world again—seemed to our heightened senses to be filling the vast empty church with a phantom crowd of worshippers.

Then, just as wistfully one turned, in friendly desire of closer communion with the ghostly forms, and gazed and longed and wondered, sudden darkness and silence together. The Prelude had ended; the moon, too, had gone. The palace of music, the magic temple, the phantom worshippers—all had vanished.

Gone, and the good tears start. But why? Is all the fair vision baseless, never to be again, only the memory of it left? Is all human endeavour only imperfection, and the final end failure and despair? Ah no! For look! the darkness passes, the light shines; and hark! once more the full organ blares out, as the crashing chords are followed by that marvellous St. Ann Fugue in which the master-teacher strives to build for us a faith wide as human life, deep as human need, reaching on to heaven and eternity.

'There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before,
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound ;
What was good, shall be good, with for evil, so much good more ;

On the earth the broken arcs: in the heaven a perfect round.
All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When Eternity confirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard:
Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by-and-bye.'

So grandly said Browning long ago of the Abbé Vogler, and so to-night again I heard Sebastian Bach say for himself. It is good, I think, to have been with him in that tabernacle of music he built for us on the Mount of Transfiguration, and yet not good to linger there too long. So, no doubt, the lesser teacher felt a century ago, as the greater Teacher felt for *His* disciples in the yet older time, although Sebastian Bach's great Prelude does not, cannot, end as in his music parable Browning represents the Abbé Vogler to have done. No; for to-night at least, as we went out into the quiet Cloister Garth under the stars, 'the bright cloud' of transfiguration still overshadowed us. To-morrow will be time enough to find ourselves back again with the sober, uninteresting key of C major, fit symbol of the common workaday life, the humdrum routine of hard duty and dull drudgery, the

prosaic keynote to which, for our own soul's health no doubt, most of our lives are set, and yet, God grant, the chord from which, through unpromising environment and unsatisfying effort, we may be forging those 'broken arcs' from which one day He shall complete 'the perfect round.'

And so good-night, my sister.

Ever affectionately,

THOROLD ARKWRIGHT.

VI

THE PRIOR'S HOLIDAY

'When Zephyrus eke with his sweetë breath
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe,
The tendre croppës and the yongë sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfë course i-ronne,
And smallë fowlës maken melodie,
That slepen all the night with open eye
So priketh hem nature in her corages—
Then longen folk to gon on pilgrimages.'

CHAUCER.

Letter to Philip Fewston, Esq., Cathedral Heights, New York.

THE HALL (OF THE GILBERTINE CANONS),
OLD MALTON, YORK,
July 17.

MY DEAR FEWSTON,

Up here on a holiday among the Yorkshire wolds I seem a long way from Ely Minster and the convent books, about which I sent you an unfinished letter a few weeks ago. And yet, yesterday, hidden away among the steep and

solitary hills to the north of Pickering, we found a quaint old-world church whose traditions took us back at once to Ely and to one of the earliest stories told in that Ely Book, the 'Liber Eliensis,' about which I promised to write in this article. For at Lastingham—in Bæda's 'Ecclesiastical History' it is called 'Læstingaeu'—in the middle of the seventh century was the monastery which was ruled over by St. Chad, the founder of Lichfield, and to which about the year 655 came Ovin, a noble of East Anglia, who had been the friend and house-thegn of the Princess Ætheldryth of Ely, and had followed her fortunes when she came North to be married to King Oswy's son at York. About the time when the Queen took the veil at Coldingham, Ovin also became a monk at Lastingham. As we pedalled yesterday along the rough mountain road that leads to Lastingham, up the quiet lonely valley, by 'the stream of the sons of Læst,' with the purple moors before us stretching away into the far distance, and first came in sight of the massive stone cross standing out against the sky at the top of the steep descent which leads to the site of the old monastery, and saw the quaint church, with its curious Norman crypt, standing on the side of the high green bank, we saw at once how true to detail is Bæda's description of the place, and remembered his picturesque story—quoted by the monk, Thomas,

in the eighth chapter of the 'Liber Eliensis'—of the coming of the East Anglian noble over these same hills and up this lonely dale to the convent gate, 'clad only in a plain garment and carrying an axe and mattock in his hand, thus denoting that he came not as some do to live an idle life, but to labour, which very thing he also showed by his practice, for, as he was less capable by his former life as a noble of meditating on the Holy Scriptures, so now he the more earnestly applied himself to the labour of his hand, and whilst the brethren were engaged within in reading he was busy without at work.'

To go down the flight of stone steps which leads from the upper nave into the lower church, or crypt, having its own nave and aisles and eastern apse with plain stone vaulting and short massive columns, is almost to feel one's self back in the days of St. Chad himself. One might well think that it was by that primitive stone altar under the deeply-splayed eastern window that St. Ovin knelt, all those centuries ago, when he took his first vows as novice. The echo of his words, and of the Abbot's blessing, still seems to linger in the dark vaulted place: 'Induat te Dominus novum hominem qui secundum deum creatus est in justicia et veritate sanctitatis.' And that ancient stone cross in the south aisle, with its simple interlacing Saxon pattern, might well

have lingered long in Ovin's memory, for it must surely have been the model for the rudely-fashioned cross which afterwards he placed by the wayside on the convent manor near Ely, and the shaft and base of which, with its pathetic prayer still legible after the lapse of twelve centuries—

> 'Lucem tuam Ovino
> Da Deus et requiem. Amen'

—standing as now it does in the Cathedral aisle, is one of the most moving memorials in England of that long-past age. Ovin—so Bæda in a picturesque story of the angel song which welcomed the dying saint ('Hist. Ecc.,' iv. 3) tells us—was present at St. Chad's death at Lichfield on March 2, 672, and then, as it would appear from the evidence of the Ely cross and from some words of the monk Thomas, returned to the service of his former Queen and mistress, now Abbess of Ely. In the chapter of the 'Liber Eliensis' (L. E., i. 23) in which Ovin is mentioned for the second time he is called 'Pædagogus,' a term which gives some countenance—so at least those would say who grudge primacy to St. Peter's School at York—to the claim which is made by the King's School at Ely, to be one of the oldest, if not the oldest, educational foundation in England. I can hardly think, however, that it is justifiable on the authority of that one word to speak of

St. Ovin as the first headmaster of the Cathedral School, and for myself, at any rate, if I were an old Elean, I should be satisfied with the evidence given in a later chapter (L. E., ii. 91, 92), which tells how Edward the Confessor was, as a boy, placed by his mother, the Queen Emma, in the Cloister School at Ely, and loved to join with the other boys in singing psalms and hymns there—'Cum pueris in claustro illic diu alitus est, psalmos et hymnos dominicos cum illis didicit.' As an infant, so this same chapter (L. E., ii. 91) relates, Edward had been placed by his parents 'on the holy altar of the Church at Ely,' and prayers were there offered for the benediction of the future King. This feeling for Ely as one of the chief holy places of the nation evidently remained with Queen Emma, even after the death of Edward's father, Ethelred the Redeless, and when she had become the wife of Cnut the Dane, for the monk Thomas records several royal visits to the island city. It is on his authority that the well-known story is told of the incident which gave rise to the quaint lines of the old ballad which have floated down to us across the ages, of which I spoke to you in my last letter.

By the way, the lines of that old canto as they stand could not well be older than 1100, though, of course, they may quite likely represent an earlier tradition. Professor Skeat has kindly written out

for me the lines in the correct spelling of Cnut's own time. They would, he says, really have run thus:

> 'Myrige sungon thā munecas binnen eligē:
> Tha Cnut cyning reow be strande:
> Rowath, cnihtas, nȳr thām Lande
> And hȳre we thara muneca sang.'

There are several other visits of the King and Queen of which the monk Thomas tells; indeed, it is true, as Professor Freeman has said, that nowhere more than at Ely was the memory of this barbarian conqueror 'entering a country simply as a ruthless pirate, plundering, burning, mutilating, slaughtering, without remorse, and then, as soon as he was firmly seated on the throne of the invaded land, changing into a beneficent ruler and lawgiver, and winning for himself a place side by side with the best and greatest of its native sovereigns' so fondly cherished.

One wonders, too, whether in after days the Queen Emma ever came to Ely on pilgrimage, not to the Cloister, where her son Edward the Confessor had been trained as a boy, but to the tomb of his younger brother, the murdered Ætheling Alfred. You remember that sad story! The poor young prince, soon after the death of Cnut and the first election of Harold, in an attempt to recover his father's kingdom, betrayed it is said

by Earl Godwine, fell into the power of Harold, and was cruelly put to death. Our Ely history follows the story of the old Saxon Chronicle, which tells how the Ætheling and his companions were seized:

'Some they for money sold,
Some cruelly slaughtered,
Some did they bind,
Some did they blind,
Some did they mutilate,
Some did they scalp,
Nor was bloodier deed
Done in the land
Since the Danes came
And here accepted peace.'

The Ætheling who still lived was taken to Ely in a ship, blinded while still on board, given thus blinded to the monks, with whom he stayed till he died shortly afterwards, and was buried in the Minster.

'After him they buried,
As well was his due,
Full worthily,
As he worthy was,
At the west end
The steeple well-nigh
In the south portice.
His soul is with Christ.'

There is no tradition now left at Ely of the exact place of his burial. But from this fragment of Saxon verse Freeman seems to think that the

present South Galilee Transept of the Minster reproduces something far earlier, and is therefore the place of his burial. It may be so. Anyhow, as one stands sometimes in that 'South Portice' before St. Catharine's Altar, one cannot but think of the pathetic story of the young Prince Alfred, whose bones lie somewhere near by, and echo the old prayer of the Chronicle:

> 'Now is our trust in
> The beloved God
> That he is in bliss
> Blithely with Christ.'

But there was one national hero of those old days whose bones still lie at Ely, whose deeds were far worthier of record in the Convent History than those of Cnut the Dane. His memory, I trust, and that of his noble death-words—'God, I thank Thee for all the joy I have had in life'—no Englishman will readily let die. This is the great Earl Brihtnoth, the hero of Maldon, whose exploits and death have been sung in strains which rank among the noblest efforts of Teutonic poetry. In the 'Liber Eliensis' Brihtnoth is called 'Dux Northanimbrorum,' but this must be a mistake. There is little doubt that he really held one of the two great Ealdormanries of East Anglia. In the various charters of Eadgar's reign which are given in the text, Brihtnoth's name is always given as following

those of the great Ealdormen of Mercia and East Anglia.

In the year 991 an expedition of Norwegian Wikings, under the leadership of Olaf Tryggesson and the sons of Steitan, Justin, and Guthmund, raided the coast of Essex and plundered Ipswich. Brihtnoth the Earl appears to have been somewhere west of Huntingdon when he hears the news. The monk Thomas tells (L. E., ii. 62) how he marches rapidly across the country. At the gates of the Abbey of Ramsey he begs hospitality for himself and his men. The Abbot churlishly refuses, save for the Earl himself and five or six of his selected friends. 'Tell my lord Abbot,' he cries, 'that I will not dine without my men, because I cannot fight without them,' and so passed on to the Abbey of Ely, where the Abbot Elsin, warned of his coming, sent to meet him with the wiser message, 'That in acts of kindness and charity the Abbot of Ely was not deterred by any numbers, but rather rejoiced at the occasion of their coming.' There he and his men were sumptuously entertained; and on the next day, to show his gratitude, the great Ealdorman meets the Abbot and monks in the Chapter House, thanks them for their noble hospitality, puts them into possession at once of many manors, and promises them several others, if by chance being slain in battle they will carry off his body

and bury it in their church; and so, commending himself and his men to their prayers, departs to meet the enemy.

The story of the battle and the death of the hero is told in one of the oldest poems in the English language. Mr. Thorpe, who published it in his 'Analecta Anglo-Saxonica,' says that the only known manuscript of this valuable fragment perished in the fire at the Cottonian Library in 1731. That the poem was not wholly lost is owing to the fact that Hearne published it as prose at the end of his edition of 'Johannis Glastoniensis Chronicon.' It is a spirited battle-piece, full of vigour and force and picturesque description. The battle took place near the town of Maldon. The Danish forces seem to have held the ground between the two branches of the tidal river which flows at the foot of the hill on which the city stands. Brihtnoth and his men approach from the north. At first the Wikings send a herald promising to withdraw and go back to their ships on payment of money. The Earl indignantly refuses. 'Steel and not gold was the only metal to settle the quarrel between him and them.'

On either side of the river the rival hosts await the turn of the tide. The single bridge across the stream was held, at Brihtnoth's order, by three champions, Wulfstan, Ælfhere, and Maccus, whose

exploits remind us of 'the dauntless three' who kept the bridge across the Tiber 'in the brave days of old.' At the turn of the tide the Northmen attempt to cross, and the battle begins in earnest. Brihtnoth was wounded early in the battle, but went on fighting until his sword arm was disabled. In the old ballad the hero's death is a specially graphic picture, containing at least one touchingly pathetic verse, which you will see I have incorporated in the poem which I am sending you with this letter. And so the great Earl dies, and the Abbot of Ely and his monks come to the battlefield and carry off the headless body, and bury it with all honour in the church where it remains to this day. And after his death the Lady Ælflæd, his widow, gave to the convent the lands which Brihtnoth had promised, and added to them others—Rattendune, and Soham, and Ditton. And one gift she gave which, if it had survived, would rank among the most precious monuments of the history and art of that age. For Ely once could rival Bayeux, in that among the choicest treasures of the monastery, so the monk Thomas records (L. E., ii. 63), in the time of Henry II., a hundred and twenty years later, was a tapestry curtain on which the Lady Ælflæd had worked the glorious deeds of the hero of Maldon.

But the greatest gift of all remains to us in the

words of Bryhtnoth's Death-prayer, a witness, God grant, to all Englishmen for ever, that a noble death is only possible to those who, not only in death but in life, can find the heart of all joy, as of all sorrow, in the thought of God and of His great comfort.

May that prayer be also ours!

Ever yours,

C. W. S.

THE TOMB OF EARL BRYHTNOTH.

To face p. 73.

VII

THE PRAYER OF A SAXON EARL

'God, I thank Thee for all the joy I have had in life!'

I

Bryhtnoth the Ealdorman,
Æthelred's Thane,
Died in the battle:
Here he lies buried,
Ely for tomb-place,
Mass of the Minster
Piled on the hill-top
Looking towards Maldon,
O'er the wan water,
O'er the wide fenlands,
Through the wood nesses,
Out to the sea there,
Where by the river-bank
Fought was the battle by
Maldon Blackwater.

II

This is his tomb-place,
Ely the stately,
Shining a landmark
O'er the broad water,
Gold-bright in sunrise,
Gold-red in sunset,
Gray in the waning,
Kissed by the moonbeams
Glimmering through mist-cloud
Magic and matchless,
Tower of the Lord God—Lord everlasting,
Dreaming o'er fenland and upland and sea-board,
All through the ages, guarding her hero.

III

Bryhtnoth lies buried
Here in the Minster.
Bryhtnoth the Ealdorman,
Æthelred's Thane,
Slain by the Northmen,
Down there by Maldon,
Maldon Blackwater,
Where by the Panta flood
Dwelt the East Saxon.

IV

This was his death cry,
Bryhtnoth the Ealdorman,

When to the earth at last
Fell from his failing hand
Sword of the mighty hilt;
Nor could he hold it—
Sharpest of falchions—
He, weapon-wielder.
Yet he this word spake,
Hoar-headed hero:
'Ælfnoth and Wulfmaer, Ælfere and Maccus,
Bairns of the Æthelings, fight and go forward,
Cheer on your comrades, true-hearted gate folk!'

V

Could he no longer, then,
Fast on his feet stand,
Bryhtnoth the Ealdorman,
Looked he to Heaven's King,
Meter of meeds:
'Thanks be to Thee, God,
Wielder of nations,
Lord everlasting,
For all the joy of life
Winsome and wealthful,
Bairns' love and wife's love,
Heart-trust of comrades,
War-weal and hearth-gear,
That I have here below
Fared for or gotten.
Now, oh my Maker mild,

Most need have I that Thou
Good-speed my ghost;
Yea, that my soul to Thee
Safely may journey,
Safe to Thy Kingdom
Lord of the angels!'

VI

Died then Earl Bryhtnoth
There by the Panta stream,
Slain in the battle by
Maldon Blackwater.
Monks of the Minster,
Monks of Saint Ætheldrythe,
Thanes of the White Christ,
Brought him to Ely,
Down the long water-street
Shimmering in moonlight,
Rowed they the death barge;
Cold blew the night wind
O'er the wan water.
Far in the sedge reeds
Boomed the wild bittern;
High on the wall-tower
Blickered the beacon.

VII

There in the choir place
Laid they the hero,

Bryhtnoth the Ealdorman,
Æthelred's Thane:
Doleful the dirge chant
Sobbed through the arches:
Softly the requiem
Mass for his Need-faring
Woke the sad echoes,
Woe tokens wailing,
In the roof spaces.

O! for to her was woe, sweet Lady Ælflæd,
As with a weary heart mourned she her loved one.

VIII

Here he lies buried,
Mass of the Minster
Piled on the hill-top—
This is his tomb-place;
Bryhtnoth the Ealdorman,
He who for English folk
Fought with the Northmen,
Died in the battle by
Maldon Blackwater.

IX

Pray for his Need-faring,
God rest his soul in peace!
High-hearted hero.
Take for thine own living
Prayer of Earl Bryhtnoth:

'For all the joy of life
Winsome and wealthful,
Bairns' love and wife's love,
Heart-trust of comrades,
War-weal and hearth-gear,
All I have here below
Fared for or gotten,
Thanks be to Thee, God,
Wielder of nations,
Lord everlasting!'

VIII

THE PRIOR'S HOLIDAY IN THE NEW WORLD

'O Thou that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrenched their rights from thee!
What wonder if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood,
Retaught the lesson thou hast taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought—
Who sprang from English blood.'

TENNYSON.

IT was shortly after my return from America that, sitting one afternoon with my friend Dr. Godwyn under the cedar in his garden, he startled me by asking suddenly:

'How is your book of impressions getting on?'

'Book of impressions?' I said—'what book?'

G. Why, your book about your holiday tour in America. Every Dean writes a book about his holiday tour in America—Dean Stanley, Dean Farrar, Dean Hole——

D. Ah, I see. Well, my book at present has got no further than the title; but I am not sure that my title does not sum up quite sufficiently all my impressions.

G. And the title is?

D. 'Our Kith and Kin—*and more than kind.*'

G. Good! And there are stories, I suppose—anecdotes? A travelled Dean and no anecdotes—impossible!

D. Well, for a commencement, here is one. It became my stock answer to a somewhat common question: 'And, sir, what do you think of our country?' Think! Why, what Phillips Brooks thought of the baby. You know the story, of course? No? Oh, the Bishop was calling one day upon a lady member of his flock in Boston. 'You *must* see my new baby,' she said enthusiastically. Now, the Bishop, you know, was a bachelor, and, moreover, like his witty countryman, Mark Twain, with the frog, he apparently saw no points about that particular baby different from any other baby. But the Bishop was also a pastor of much discretion, and the kindest and most tender-hearted of men. So he took the baby up in his arms and said, with much effusive emphasis: 'THIS IS *a baby!*' So I say of America: '*This is* a country!'

G. What, big and infantile?

D. No, no, not altogether that; 'big,' of course, that goes without saying, and young also, and

with the faults and foibles of youth no doubt, but first of all with the virtues of youth—freshness and buoyancy and alertness and adaptability and freedom and vigour. Altogether, Young America struck me as a very pleasing variety, a distinctly agreeable development of the English type of *genus homo*, and the pleasantness is specially prominent. I have heard somewhere of an epitaph in the neighbourhood of Boston, in New England. It is that of a wife and mother, and on the tombstone, in addition to the name and date of death, are the simple words, 'She was so pleasant!' Well, *that*, I think, is my verdict on my first relations with Americans, 'They are so pleasant.' 'The nice Americans,' as you have yourself so often said from your experience of them in this country or on the Continent, 'are so very nice,' and the others are so very amusing, but about them all there is a kindly good-humour and hearty friendliness which is delightfully pleasing. In travelling one is especially struck with this, and with the absence of that *roideur* about the well-to-do folk, and of that *gêne* about the less well-to-do, which in Europe so often causes social embarrassment when any attempt is made to bring the two classes into personal relations with one another. But in America this cheerful good-humour and careful desire to be pleasant to even casual acquaintances seems in the atmosphere everywhere. In-

deed, I am not sure that the atmosphere is not partly largely responsible for this good result. How is it possible to be glum, or gruff, or standoffish in such a bright, brisk, bracing climate? No, we may thank the American air, I am sure, for much of the pleasantness, so transparent, so translucent, so transcendent is it. And I suppose also the pleasantness is partly caused by the universal hopefulness born of the new conditions and ample opportunities for successful life belonging to a new land. America is a land of hope, and a land of hope is of necessity a land of pleasantness and of good-humour.

G. And you met with none of the 'one-man-as-good-as-another' kind of rudeness which we Old Worlders are apt to think must be associated with the ideas of New World democracy and social equality?

D. Upon my word I did not. No, on the contrary, I honestly think that the public manners of America, as I saw them, say, in the hotel vestibule or elevator, or on the trolley-cars, are a distinct improvement upon our English variety.

G. In which direction, then, do the faults and foibles of youth come in?

D. In a certain touchiness and sensitive self-consciousness under criticism, which is apt to flare up unexpectedly into momentary temper, and in a certain overanxiety, not only to be well

thought of, but to have the good thought publicly expressed. An American is not ashamed, as an Englishman is apt to be, at the open expression of personal sentiment towards himself. To the American the ascription of well-deserved praise is not only not a source of personal embarrassment, but is something he craves to hear. The long and the short of it is that America is still very young and very impressionable, and has not yet attained to the old country's assured attitude of taking things for granted. She wants them expressed.

G. I see. And I gather from what you say in regard to your proposed title for your book that you found Americans not only 'kindly' in the ordinary sense of the word—of their excessive kindliness in hospitality, of course, every Englishman who has travelled in America has always reported—but *kindly* in the kith-and-kin sense, in the blood-is-thicker-than-water sense?

D. Most certainly.

G. And you found absolutely no anti-British feeling anywhere?

D. No, I cannot say that. But I do say very emphatically that wherever I went in those early days of last October, after the declaration of war by the Boers—weeks, as you may be sure, of sore trial to an Englishman—my heart was touched over and over again by the warmth and evident reality of sympathy expressed to me on all hands

for England's sake. Everywhere they seemed to be saying: 'England stood by us in our Cuban difficulty; let us stand by her now. We had the great help of her moral support; let us give her our sympathy and good wishes. The envious and the watchful knew that she was our friend then. Let all the world know now that we are hers.' Among my treasures of travel I have brought back quite a little collection of menu-cards decorated with the intertwined flags of the two nations, one of which, home-made by my kindly hosts at Tulpehocken, expresses thus neatly the sentiment which I found all but universal:

'Henceforth with mingled rays
Our brother flags shall blaze
Through every zone.
The Union Jack shall ride,
The Stars and Stripes beside,
Proclaiming far and wide
We two are one.'

G. But you did meet with anti-British, even pro-Boer, feeling, I suppose, here and there?

D. Certainly. Indeed, it would have been surprising, would it not, if I had not? For, think of it! it has taken over a thousand years to weld into one English nation Britons, Romans, Celts, Saxons, Angles, Danes, Normans, Flemings, and even now a West-Country peasant cannot understand the tongue of Yorkshire, and thinks of a Yorkshireman—as I know well, for I was a country

parson in Devonshire for four years—and speaks of him, too, occasionally, as a 'farriner.' Surely we may well give America a century or two for her people to become even as homogeneous as the English. Captain Mahan was quite right the other day when he said that 'for a cordial understanding between the two countries . . . Britain needs patience, patience, patience, because her homogeneous people must find it difficult to understand the violent utterances of the American nation, which is not yet even composite, but simply heterogeneous.' And some evidence of such 'violent utterance . . . volatile, prejudiced, malevolent,' of which Captain Mahan speaks, I did find here and there; for the most part in the newspapers—for to them blood may be thicker than water, but it is certainly not thicker than ink—in the yellow journalism mainly of Irish inspiration, or in centres of population like Chicago and Milwaukee, where there is a stong German flavour about the accent of the man in the street. You know, of course, that in Chicago, where there are only some 190,000 people of British origin, there are more than 460,000 of German and 245,000 of Irish.

G. And yet I suppose there are few things more astonishing than the rapidity with which America seems to digest and assimilate her foreign elements of population?

D. Quite so. She does digest them, however, very quickly, not even excepting the British. I had rather an amusing and suggestive illustration of that at Chicago. Archdeacon Rushton, the secretary of Bishop Maclaren, called upon me. He was a Yorkshireman by birth; he had married a Canadian; but he had been settled for some time in Chicago. His children, he told me, were born in that city. One day lately his youngest boy came home from school looking grave and solemn. He had just been promoted to the history class, and had been reading about the War of Independence. 'Father,' he said, 'are you a Britisher?' 'Yes, my boy, I am.' 'Oh! . . . Mother, are you a Britisher?' 'Yes, dear, I am,' she said. 'Well,' he replied, after a pause, 'I don't care. You had the King's army, and we were only a lot of farmers, but *we* thrashed you!'

G. Bravo, Young America! And Chicago—of course you were delighted with the City of the Winds?

D. Delighted? No, indeed. I thought it the most hatefully unlovely city I ever was in. There were fine buildings, of course—warehouses for the most part, of the 'sky-scraping' variety—but, as a whole, hateful, simply hateful—a clanking wilderness of endless streets, monotonous, unpicturesque, untidy, dirty, foul.

G. But the lake? Surely that is fine?

D. It may be, but I never saw it. Oh no, it was not the fog, though that and the smoke-flakes, which necessitated a clean collar three times a day, were worthy of London; but, although the city is said to have a water-front of twenty-six miles, all along the central five or six miles which I traversed, the blue waters of the lake, if they are blue, are entirely hidden by the grimy railway embankment of the Illinois Central.

G. But the Lake Park of which I have heard?

D. Five square plots of mangy grass bisected by the aforesaid railway, with one central point of great interest, I confess—the magnificent equestrian statue of General Logan by St. Gaudens. That is a really fine bit of work, one of three things only in Chicago that I ever wish to see again.

G. And the other two?

D. The statue of Lincoln by the same sculptor in Lincoln Park, and the Hull House Social Settlement, where Miss Addams and her helpers make a bright, sunshiny centre of friendship in that weary wilderness of mean streets.

G. But Chicago has suburbs, I suppose? And I know she has stockyards.

D. Well, I did not go to the stockyards. I had not the luck, you see, of Matthew Arnold, who when he was in Chicago had 'an artist in desiccated pork' for his host. And the suburbs I could not find. I started one day for the new University

buildings, and travelled by trolley-car along one of the main avenues running straight as a die for some six or eight miles, and finally reached 'the Midway Pleasaunce'—God save the mark!—to find the University set down somewhere between Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth Streets, not far from the site of the World's Fair of 1893. But the world was no longer fair at this point. The buildings were numerous and handsome, solid dignified blocks of gray granite with red-tiled roofs—halls, towers, theatres, dormitories, laboratories, museum—covering a spacious Campus of some twenty-four acres. The approach from the Jackson Park side is said to be beautiful, and it may be so in summer; but from the trolley-car line by which I came the approach was most doleful, for we had to cross blocks of unkempt streets with dilapidated houses alternating with waste places, dusty, dirty, weedy, littered with refuse-heaps, old newspapers, broken bottles, tin cans, a very valley of Hinnom without its cleansing fires. Let us talk of something else.

G. But the University itself?

D. Oh, that was all right, I dare say. It ought to be, for it had had noble benefactors. Its endowments already, I hear, amount to nearly three million pounds, and I brought away with me a splendidly complex time-table of the lecture courses, but I saw nothing of its working. It

was, unfortunately, Saturday, and the whole University, headed by its Vice-Chancellor, had gone off to keep Sabbath at a football match at Madison, some hundred or so miles away.

G. But of other Universities or colleges you saw something — Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Wellesley? How do they contrast, say, with our old University here?

D. Ah, that is altogether too large a question for me to answer. You should ask Dr. Cunningham, of Trinity, who spent the greater part of last year at Harvard, taking the actual class-work in the Economic School for my friend Professor Ashley. Cunningham saw the everyday academic life from the inside, and his opinion, no doubt, would be very valuable; but my view was a mere snapshot, and cannot be other than superficial and impressionist. Moreover, it is very difficult for an English University man to know how far his judgment in this matter may not be warped by the warmth of the welcome he receives; and, indeed, nothing touched me more than the delightfully frank spirit of friendliness and *camaraderie* which seemed to characterize the American student, whether he was professor or undergraduate. I should suppose that such a thing as 'donnishness' is practically non-existent in a Transatlantic college. I shall never forget, I

think, my first experience of a University mass-meeting, and the startling thrill with which I found myself greeted for the first time with 'a college yell.' That was an honour to be valued far above any complimentary degree. It was at the University of Pennsylvania. I had been asked by the authorities, President Harrison and Dean Penniman, to address the students after morning prayers. The great hall was crowded with the throng of undergraduates, surely the most moving, the most inspiring, congregation that any speaker could well have. I talked to the lads of my own old undergraduate days at Cambridge, and of some of my own heroes there —Maurice, Kingsley, Lightfoot, names to conjure with still, I found, thank God, in the New World as well as in the Old. I told them something of my own Ely, and of some of its early Bishops— Hugo of Northwold, who founded the Hospital of St. John at Cambridge; Hugo of Balsham, who founded its first college, Peterhouse; and William of Kilkenny, who founded the first University scholarships for divinity; and then of earlier legends still—of St. Wilfrid, and St. Awdrey and her chains, and of the Earl Bryhtnoth, who was killed by the Danes in 991 at the Battle of Maldon, and whose noble death-words, 'God, I thank thee for all the joy I have had in life,' still echo down the centuries, and begged them

to cherish the spirit of youthful romance and hero-worship and of noble ideals, summing it all up in their own poet Lowell's fine lyric:

'When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp.
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain
To build with roofs of gold
My beautiful castles in Spain.'

The cheers with which they thanked me went to my heart, and would have brought the tears very near my eyes, I think, had it not been for the startling transition by which the lads' cheers suddenly broke into the thunderous humour of the college yell, sung by a thousand voices in violent staccato unison:

''Rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah,
Penn-syl-vani-a!
Stubbs! Stubbs!
Dean Ely.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Gettysburg, ah!'

G. How odd! And do the 'sweet girl graduates' of Vassar and Bryn Mawr and Wellesley indulge in 'college yells' also?

D. Oh, certainly, but, naturally, of a more musical variety. The Wellesley girls, for example,

sing their cheer to a sort of bugle-call chant—thus:

'Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la,
La, la, la,
W-E-L—L-E-S—L-E-Y,
Welles-ley!'

G. Ah, by-the-by, that reminds me! What *is* the truth about the voice of the American woman? Is it always of the high-pitched, strident, nasal quality which so often we hear ringing through the corridors of Continental hotels and down the valleys of the Engadine?

D. My dear fellow, would you have me give myself away? Moreover, I have long lost my heart to the American girl; she is so frank, so friendly, so alert, with such capable, artistic hands, with such well-shod feet, so neat and tasteful in dress, so bright, so——

G. Yes, yes; but about her voice. I heard that someone—the 'Spectator,' I fancy, in the *Outlook*—reported that in one of your lectures in New York you had said that you had more than once detected the presence of American ladies visiting the close at Ely by their 'beautiful voices.' Did you really say that?

D. Well, no, I think that must be a mistake. 'Courageous,' I fancy, was the word I used—'courageous voices.' And courage, you know, *is* certainly a trait of the American girl—a happy, ingenuous audacity and daring which carries her

over many of the difficulties of travel, and brings to her much useful knowledge.

G. 'Cheek,' in fact.

D. Shameless boor! I won't answer another question.

G. Well, let us go back to safer ground, then. You were at the University of Pennsylvania, you said; that is in Philadelphia, is it not? What about Philadelphia?

D. A charming, a delightful city, as charming as—well, as Chicago is the reverse.

G. And the people equally delightful?

D. Yes. The old Quaker stock has evidently left behind it good blood and bone. The city itself reminded me much of The Hague. There is the same quaint, old-fashioned, substantial air about the place, a staid, well-to-do respectability that pleases one—a city of homes, not merely of houses; but the business streets full of life, too, and sedate bustle—not so feverous, of course, as New York or Boston, but quite sufficiently vigorous to allow of the acquisitive side of life taking care of itself, and something of spare energy left over to enjoy the truer riches of 'admiration, hope, and love.' And, after all, the true promise of work is in quiet steadiness rather than in overtension and breathless hustle.

G. Well, I had always heard that the City of Brotherly Love was rather a slow, dullish town, a

kind of sleepy, always-afternoon, cathedral sort of place, saving your very reverence's presence. One seems at least to remember anecdotes that suggest that characteristic.

D. True; and the trick of the old stories still goes on, and their humour by no means unappreciated by the Philadelphians themselves. For example, it was at Philadelphia that I was told the story of the New York merchant who, when he was asked how many children he had in his family, replied: 'Five sons—four alive and one at Philadelphia.' And you know, of course, the story of the Philadelphia girl and the Boston girl? I heard that everywhere. 'I wonder,' said the Quaker damsel, 'why at Boston, the Hub of civilization, as you call it, you should still have such old-fashioned, crooked streets. Now, look at Philadelphia, how beautifully straight all the streets are.' 'Ah,' said the Boston girl quietly, 'I dare say when Boston is as dead as Philadelphia it will be *laid out* as straight.' But I think the story in this style which the Philadelphians like best to tell against themselves is that of one of their own merchants, who, when he was consulting with his lawyer about the details of his will, said that he wished to have a clause inserted about his cremation. 'Why in the world do you wish to be cremated?' asked his lawyer in astonishment. 'Oh, for no particular

reason; I merely thought I should like to have a change.'

G. And have they invented no anecdotes in their own interest?

D. No, I heard of none; but I can tell you one in illustration of the quick capacity for humour on the part of the rising generation there. In the course of my lecture on Ely Cathedral and its Antiquities, I had told the story of the Ely cope, that beautifully embroidered vestment of the fourteenth century which was made out of a state robe worn by Queen Philippa at a thanksgiving service in Westminster Abbey after the birth of the Black Prince. She had given the robe to Prior Cranden of Ely, and he had caused it to be made up into a cope and three tunics. The cope we still possess, and on occasion the Dean ought, as you know, to wear it. A gentleman in my audience who was interested in the story of Queen Philippa's cope repeated it on his return home to his wife, in the presence of their little daughter of seven years of age, a very 'cunning' child, as he said proudly. Now, the mother's maiden name happened to be 'Cope,' and she was, moreover, a 'Colonial Dame,' very proud of her ancestry and of her ancient lineage. Her little daughter, however, was a true American, and did not approve of her mother's fussiness about her family origin. So, when she heard the story of the Ely cope, she exclaimed:

'Say, momma, *that* must be the royal Cope from whom *you* are descended!'

G. Well, Mr. Dean, it interests me to find that you are so enthusiastic an admirer of the Quaker City, for I dare say you do not forget that suppressed chapter in our friend Mr. Bryce's book on the 'Evils of the Philadelphia Gas Ring.' I wonder what you had to say to your good friends there about their Boss system of municipal government.

D. As a matter of fact, I did speak publicly on one occasion on that subject. I was invited to a banquet in Witherspoon Hall by the Presbyterian Social Union, and was asked to address myself especially to the subject of the Relation of the Church to Social Life. I did speak pretty plainly, I think, of civic righteousness and the duties of citizenship; indeed, in the exaggerated capital-letter heading of the next morning's papers appeared the record, 'The Dean of Ely flays Bossism'; and, among other things, I counselled the clergy to adopt the London plan of a Citizen Sunday before the annual municipal elections, when they should pledge themselves to preach outspokenly on such subjects as Political Purity and Municipal Righteousness, with a view to create such a sound and healthy public opinion as should by-and-by make these miserable scandals of American civic life impossible.

G. And did they listen with equanimity?

D. Certainly. Indeed, it was partly, no doubt, because of their sympathy with what I had said on that occasion that I was invited to preach on Thanksgiving Day in the leading Presbyterian Church of the city, an occasion to which the Philadelphians made a special effort to give something of an international character by decorating the pulpit of the church with the intertwined flags of the two nations, and by expressing through their pastor, Dr. Wood, in a preface of welcome to my sermon, their conviction that 'the English-speaking peoples are one—one in their laws, literature, and religion, one in their love of liberty and justice, one also—in spite of the sad scenes being enacted in the Philippines and the Transvaal—in their love of peace.' I trust that what I had to say on the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race and on its duties and responsibilities was not altogether unworthy of Dr. Wood's exordium. At any rate, I confess it was very pleasant to me to be able thus publicly on the national Thanksgiving Day to express my gratitude for the friendship with which everywhere, for England's sake, I had been welcomed, and not less to be able to the members of the Presbyterian Church, as previously to my brethren of the Episcopal communion, to carry a cordial word of brotherly greeting from the old Motherland and the old

Mother Church to the children of England's 'mighty Daughter of the West.' But there are the Cathedral bells ringing for evensong. I must go.

G. But, Mr. Dean, you have told me nothing of New York, of Boston, of——

D. No, for they will take a chapter each to themselves.

G. Ah, then there *is* to be a book?

D. After my next visit—perhaps.

IX

A MATTINSONG FOR CHRISTMAS

[Written in Bishop Phillips Brooks' old study at Trinity Rectory, Boston.]

'Ave Jesu! hodie
Natus est de Virgine.'

I.

When King Jesu, Lord of Angels, all the angels in the skies,
Son of Mary, came to earth to Bethlem town in baby-wise;
Oh, the little stars sang down to Him,
And the moon she gave a crown to Him,
And the snow a silver carpet for His throne:
And the oxen by the manger
Did homage to the stranger
As to king who claimeth fealty from his own.
And there whispered then the wind to Him
As one who would be kind to Him,
Making music, angel music, from on high:

For the 'Gloria in Excelsis'
Song sweeter than all else is,
Came echoing down the spaces from the glory of the sky!
Ave Jesu! Ave Jesu! Ave Jesu!
Hark! the chorus of the voices of the sky!

II.

And my Lady, O sweet Mary, maiden graced with mother joy,
Queen of Heaven, of the heaven in the blue eyes of her boy,
Oh, so softly did she cry to Him,
Her low, sweet lullaby to Him,
As He crooned upon the cradle of her knee:
And she told of how the hill men
Did leave their sheep to fill men
With the wonder of that 'Gloria Domine'!
And of how the Three who knew in Him
The sign of kingship true in Him,
Came to worship from the Orient land afar:
For they came three kings a-riding
To Herod's court for tiding
Of the Prince whose birth so lowly had been greeted by a star.
Ave Jesu! Ave Jesu! Ave Jesu!
Hail! the Child who reigns a King beneath the star!

PERGOLA AND REFECTORY WALL.

X

IN THE CEDAR ROOM

'How long shall they reproach us where crowd on crowd they dwell,
Poor ghosts of the wicked city, the gold-crushed hungry hell?

'Through squalid life they laboured, in sordid grief they died,
Those sons of a mighty mother, those props of England's pride.

'They are gone; there is none can undo it, nor save our souls from the curse;
But many a million cometh, and shall they be better or worse?'

WILLIAM MORRIS.

AFTER breakfast the next morning, Joyce Godwyn was on the point of settling down to her writing-table in her own special corner of the Cedar Room, when the servant announced, 'Mr. Trafford.'

'You will forgive so early a call, Miss Godwyn,' he said, 'but Arkwright has been hurriedly summoned to town on some Admiralty business, and he

begged me to let Lady Deborah know at once that he could not come to lunch as he had promised, or drive with her in the afternoon to call at Sutton Place.'

'You are most kind! I will tell my mother. Do sit down.'

'Thank you; but I see you are busy.' He glanced at her writing-table with its litter of Blue Books and pamphlets and workman-like pile of manuscripts. 'Even on holiday, I fear the Warden of the Settlement has heaps of business to get through.'

'No. It is only a paper that I have promised to write for the Settlement Political Economy Club next month, on the question of the Liverpool unemployed. Luckily, the Dean has promised to help me, or I am afraid I should be a good deal puzzled as to how to write it to any profitable purpose. I expect him every minute to talk it over.'

'Ah, then indeed I ought to go. I am interrupting your work most unwarrantably.'

'But why should you? If you can only spare the time, and would not be bored, you could really help me very much.'

'Well, I think I do know something of the employer's side of the question.'

'Yes; and that is so important. For I know how much we more or less professional philan-

thropists are apt to ignore that side. The terrible distress we see in the homes of the "out-of-works" naturally draws our sympathy to them rather than to the capitalist, and perhaps makes us a little bit unfair to men of your class.'

'Well, if I can really help you in any way, I need hardly say I will gladly do so, Miss Godwyn. For—will you forgive me for saying so?—I cannot tell you how much I feel myself in your debt for the wonder of that "palace of music" which you built for us last night in the Minster.'

'Ah, but that was Dr. Earl's doing—not mine, Mr. Trafford. I thought he played the Bach Fugues superbly.'

'Yes; but it was especially for the violin solo—the Schumann—that I wanted to thank you.'

'No, no! For that, at any rate, your thanks are not due to me at all, but to St. Awdrey and the Queen.'

'The Queen, Miss Godwyn! What Queen?'

'You did not see her face, then, in the moonlight—the face of Queen Philippa?'

'But I am not a ghost-seer!'

'Oh no! I do not mean her ghost, but the portrait bust carved by Alan's workmen five hundred years ago. It is on the label of one of the smaller arches of the octagon beneath the dome. I wonder you did not notice it; for just as I began to play the Schumann, a moonbeam

fell upon it and lit up the face. There is a pathetic story—ah, but here comes the Dean, I see, through the garden gate. We must descend from poetry to prose. Are you sure you won't be dreadfully bored, Mr. Trafford? I am afraid my paper will give you a very dull half-hour. Good-morning, Dean. You know Mr. Trafford, I think?'

'Yes, indeed; we are old friends. And I am very much in luck, I think, to find a Liverpool merchant on the spot to—what shall I say?—adjust any tendency to false balance in the character of my advice. But it's a puzzling problem, Joyce, which you have undertaken to tackle. I have been reading your Labour Conference Report, and I have brought you over the last Labour Department Blue Book, in which I have marked one or two passages. Reading through some of the evidence, one is tempted rather to agree with the opinion of one of the Liverpool employers, who says that "the total number of the superfluous is the true measure of the unemployed." Do you agree to that, Mr. Trafford?'

'I agree,' he replied, 'that nine-tenths of the Wellington Column Demonstrators that we read of in the newspapers are "superfluous," and something worse, but that they are only "unemployed" because they don't really want to work.'

'Well, but are not the figures given in this

lately issued Report of the Labour Conference Sub-Committee correct? It is there said that of the three chief classes of Liverpool workmen, (1) Dockers, (2) Warehousemen, (3) Gasworkers and Labourers, "20,000 out of 60,000 had precarious or no work, their employment ranging from *nil* for many weeks together to two or three days per week."'

'Yes, I should think that very likely the figures are all right; but one must remember, of course, that in a town like Liverpool, where fluctuations of trade dependent on all sorts of seasonal changes must always exist—the Timber trade, for example, being affected by the freezing of the Baltic and the St. Lawrence, the Cotton by an early or late summer in the Southern States—we *must* have a large body of "casuals" to get the work done at all.'

'But surely that is a very unfortunate state of things—at any rate, for the 20,000?'

'Yes, no doubt unfortunate, but inevitable.'

'Inevitable?'

'Yes; I am afraid so.'

'Well, but would it not be possible for the members of the Dock Board to try to do what I see they have been doing in London—*decasualize the Labour?*'

'What exactly do you mean by that?'

'Well, here is a paragraph from the last Blue

Book Report of the Labour Department of the Board of Trade which I had marked for Joyce:

'"During the past two years the Joint Committee which manages the London, St. Katharine's, East and West India, Victoria and Albert, and Tilbury Docks, besides the uptown warehouses, have been making a systematic attempt to reduce the fluctuations of employment by increasing, so far as practicable, the permanent staff, and classifying the rest of the labourers employed in two classes ('A' and 'B'), according to their efficiency and steadiness. The object aimed at is that all the permanent staff shall be employed before any casual labour is taken on, that all 'A' men shall have preference over all 'B' men, and all 'B' over the unclassified army of casuals."

Now, does not that system seem to you a sensible one? The process of decasualization would lead, of course, to temporary distress on the part of the casuals; but it would, undoubtedly, tend to increase the regularity of Dock Labour, and especially it would prevent the docks becoming centres of attraction for the residual labour crowded out of other trades, would it not?'

'Yes. Probably that might be so far good. But what of the displaced labour of the inefficient casuals?'

'Well, they must be dealt with by some special agency, no doubt. But, meanwhile, it is something surely to have simplified our Problem.'

'I am not sure. To have reduced the number of our dockers, to have classified our men, sounds good policy. But——'

'Well?'

'It will give more power to the Trade Union Leader.'

'So much the better if he is a good leader.'

'But he never is.'

'Never! Is not that a capitalist prejudice? My reading of labour history has led me to observe that in almost all cases where Unionism is strong there the leaders are good. It is where Unionism is weak and disorganized that the leaders are too often inferior men, demagogues, unreasonable, violent—in one word, what you call "agitators." If I were a capitalist who wanted to get rid of the "blatant agitator," I should help the men to organize. In the long-run I am sure you will find that in a strong society the best men always come to the top. Unless you are prepared to change the whole basis of the present industrial system, and to give up competition, and rearrange all your business on co-operative and industrial partnership principles, I am sure the best policy for the masters is to treat the trade unionist with sympathy—in fact, to encourage the men in every way to organize. You think that, I fear, a counsel of perfection?'

'Indeed I do. Trade Unionism is bad—bad to the core. It is driving trade out of the country. It will lead eventually to the ruin of England.'

'You remind me of my old farmer churchwarden

who, when Joseph Arch started the Agricultural Labourers' Agitation of 1871, summed up the whole rural problem in the words: "Whatever is, is bad, and any change is likely to be worse." But, seriously, what do you think should be done? Have you read the Blue Book I have just quoted?'

'No.'

'Well, you should. It is most excellent. It attempts in the first place to analyze and break up into their elements the whole congeries of industrial and social problems which we too often lump together in common language as "the unemployed question." Then, having pointed out that there are at least four very distinct senses in which the term "unemployed" may be legitimately used, the Report goes on to survey the ground carefully which is at present covered by any agencies, whether permanent or otherwise, which profess to deal with the unemployed. Among the permanent agencies the following are closely examined:

1. Trade Unions.
2. Friendly Societies.
3. Labour Bureaux.
4. Unemployed Agencies.
5. The Poor Law.
6. The Charity Organization Society.
7. The Salvation Army Social Wing.
8. The Church Army Labour Homes.
9. The Home Colonization Society.

And in relation to the temporary agencies a Report is given of last winter's Municipal Relief Works in Leeds, Liverpool and Glasgow, and in Ireland, and finally a full detailed criticism of the Continental Labour Colonies.'

'What about the Labour Colonies? I don't fancy General Booth's experiment is altogether very promising.'

'No. But perhaps it is hardly fair yet to pass any final opinion. I confess I have never had much expectation from that experiment. Indeed, the cry "Back to the land" is one to which I have never been disposed to listen very much.'

'Why, I thought, Mr. Dean, that you had always had great faith in Land Reform?'

'So I have, but the Reform must be of the right sort, and the Reformers, especially, must be men who know something more of the Land than can be learnt by men like your Liverpool loafers round the Wellington Column. Twenty years' close intimacy with the conditions, social and economic, of rural life as a country parson have taught me that success in agriculture, even on a small scale, demands qualities of head and hand and heart which, to say the least, it is quite idle to expect from a merely miscellaneous company of the loafers and slummers and labour-failures of city life. The fact is, the glib Land Reformers of our

clubs entirely forget that an efficient agricultural labourer is not in reality the dull, stupid, chaw-bacon sort of person of a *Punch* cartoon, but about the most highly-skilled handicraftsman in the ranks of English labour. To expect, therefore, that a Town workman who has failed can be readily transformed into a rural labourer who will succeed, is to expect a miracle.'

'And even the Salvation Army does not work miracles. How about the Dutch and German experiments? I see some of my Liverpool friends are desirous that some scheme on similar lines should be tried there as a means of dealing with the unemployed.'

'Yes; I know. But Professor Meyer, who, I read in the Report, has gone most carefully into the whole question, reports that they are not colonies of unemployed at all; they are merely receptacles for social wreckage. Here are his words:

'"Can the Labour Colony system help the unemployed? The answer is, it might conceivably do so, provided that the lower grades . . . were previously dealt with. A Labour Colony open to all comers would speedily be occupied by the vagrant and the discharged prisoner. These might not individually remain long in the colony on any one occasion, but they would come and go. The colony would be occupied by that class. This is most amply proved by the history of the German and the Belgian colonies. These colonies are not occupied by the worthy employed, but by those who

have suffered moral as well as material collapse. The hard-working man of reputable life, who seeks the colony because he is out of employment, is exceedingly rare, if indeed he exists at all. The classes will not mix; to admit the one is to exclude the other."'

'Then, you think that the Farm Colony would be a useless experiment here in England?'

'I do not say that. Indeed, I think that if it were possible under strict State discipline to commit, say, for three years' industrial and agricultural training, the semi-criminal, the vagrant, and the loafer to some such farm colony it would be excellent. But I am afraid in these undisciplined days there is little chance of anything so sensible ever coming to be.'

'Yes, but meanwhile, pending the establishment of "Utopia, Limited," have you any plans?'

'Well, in the country I would do everything I could to foster schemes for Home Colonization, Industrial Villages, Co-operative Farms, Dairy Factories, Cottage Industries—anything, in fact, which is likely in any way, whether industrially or socially, to make Village Life more attractive, and thus to stop the continual drift of the Rural Population townwards.'

'Ah! there I agree with you entirely, Mr. Dean. Village life is dull, and town life is attractive. That explains a good deal, for there is truth, after all, behind the Prime Minister's cynicism that the

great need of the rural labourer is not a Parish Council, but a Parish Circus!'

'Yes, truth perhaps, Mr. Trafford; but it is surely an evil thing for the nation when our statesmen can dismiss the inconvenience of such truth with a flippant sneer. It is true, no doubt, that the village labourer is attracted to the town, not chiefly, perhaps, by the possibility of higher wages, but by the craving for excitement, for the joys of warmth and light and colour. As you say, village life is dull, and in the town, with its vile lodgings and its precarious existence, there is yet excitement, life for the brain and the spirit. There is a rich multiform drama every Saturday night in the city streets: flaring gas-lights, strong lights and shadows, carts of vegetables and cheap fruits, variety of strongly-seasoned food, toys, colours, shop-windows, street cries, collisions—medleys of all sorts and stimulating social intercourse. What is there in country villages to compare with this?'

'"A public-house fire roaring up the chimney and a fiddle going," I have heard,' said Trafford, 'was a villager's answer to his parson's inquiry as to his highest idea of human happiness.'

'Well, one would like not to exaggerate, and yet, if we are quite honest with ourselves, is it not a little difficult to know where to place in the somewhat coarse picture, which from experience our imagination is apt to draw of a labourer's idea of

pleasant things, the softening lines of beauty and refinement? I should not, however, like to think that the French painter's picture of "The Man with the Hoe," much less the American poet's terrible interpretation of it, was quite true to his life in an English village. Do you know Edwin Markham's poem? It is very powerful.

'"Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?
Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of eternity?

* * * * *

Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity, betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the world,
A protest that is also prophecy.
O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;

Rebuild in it the music and the dream ;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes ?"'

'How sad! how sad!' sighed Joyce. 'And surely the ideal of a villager's life ought to be very bright and lovely. Why is it that the reality is so often so colourless and sad? Can we do nothing to break its monotony and commonplace with some stimulant which shall not be vicious, with some pleasure which shall not be merely gross and sensual?'

'Well, there, it seems to me, Joyce, for all of us who would be social reformers, lies one of the chief problems to be solved, for most certainly the Key to the Solution of the City Problem lies in the country.'

'And are we Townsmen, then, Mr. Dean, to do nothing?'

'Most certainly not. You must first of all find some plan to "decasualize" your Dock Labour, and to that end, in the first place, you must help to organize thoroughly Trades Unionism.'

'*That* I can't do, for the success of Trades Unionism means the ruin of English trade. I can't stand these Union Leaders. I must be Master of my own business.'

'Master!'

'Yes, Master.'

'Ah! there lies the secret of all our Labour

troubles. "Capital and Labour—Master and Man." So runs the cycle. But are you *quite* sure that *that* is the right way round? Reverse the phrase: "Labour and Capital—Master and Man." Why not? True, for the present, Capital employs Labour, and pays for the work such fair or foul wages as the "inevitable laws of supply and demand" award. But by-and-by, perhaps, in "Utopia, Limited," Labour may employ Capital, and pay for its use such Rent as the Divine Inevitable may decree. Who shall say? Or possibly Christ was right after all: "Call no man 'Master,' for all ye are brethren." Co-operation, not Competition—that perhaps is the true Law of Industry. Bad morals can never, in the long-run, remember, mean good Political Economy.'

XI

THE DAME AND THE MONK

'"Dame," he said, "what shall we now do?"
"Sir," she said, "so mote I go,
The monk in a corner ye shall lay."'

Letter to Dr. Philip Fewston, of University Heights, New York.

THE DEANERY, ELY,
July 5.

MY DEAR FEWSTON,

I resume my gossip about the Ely books. But you will think, I fear, that over this letter the very spirit of old-maidenly antiquarianism has presided, for what should have been a book-lover's *florilegium* bids fair to become a mere botanist's *hortus siccus*, in which dry grasses are as welcome as the shy sweet blossoms of summer. However, let me begin with this old book printed by William Copland, 'In the Vyntre at the Three Cranes Warfe,' more than three centuries ago. I wonder whether you read a most charming 'Among my

BISHOP ALCOCK'S CHAPEL.

[*To face p.* 117

Books' gossip in the columns of *Literature* some time ago by Miss Jennett Humphreys, in which she wrote of Sir Thomas Cockayne's 'Treatise of Hunting,' and, in allusion to his quotation from 'The Measures in Blowing' laid down by 'Sir Tristram, one of King Arthur's knights,' asked the pertinent question: 'Is it a fact that copies of Sir Tristram's book are really in existence?' 'Some library, somewhere,' she thought, 'may be in happy, if unknown, possession of a copy—it will be in a hunting district, on the shelves of some Tudor lodge, where the Tudor master was a kennel enthusiast—and how enjoyable it would be if such a copy could be discovered, and if literary hands might be allowed to be laid upon it!' Well, I know not how many centuries old Miss Humphreys would wish her book of Sir Tristram to be. Would she have us go back to that dim age, to 'that island valley of the saints,' when at Caerleon or at Glastonbury King Arthur held his mythic court? Or is she thinking of that later time when Geoffrey of Monmouth wrote his 'History of the Britons' and told the story of Pendragon and of King Arthur—and the land

> 'Where mythic Uther's deeply wounded son
> In some fair space of sloping greens
> Lies, dozing in the vale of Avalon,
> And watched by weeping queens'—

or of that still later day when, in 1155, the

metrical version of Geoffrey's History was re-written in Norman-French by Robert Wace, and called the 'Roman de Brut'? I fear she will find no Sir Tristram there, for Robert himself tells us naïvely enough that, when in search of the Arthurian wonders, told of by Breton trouvères, he went to seek for them in the forest of Brecheliant, his search ended in mere vain folly:

> 'Là alai—jo merveilles querre
> Vis la forest e vis la terre;
> Merveilles quis, maiz ne's trovai;
> Fol m'en revins, fol i alai.
> Fol i alai, fol m'en revins,
> Folie quis, por fol me tins.'

Or, perhaps, she pictures some old illuminated manuscript of late thirteenth or early fourteenth century, with knight and lady, hound at foot and hawk on wrist, 'in quaint devices deftly blazoned' in large initial letter or bordered margin, wrought in some old scriptorium of the convent where my Lord the Prior had St. Hubert for his favourite saint? Alas! I fear she will never see that book. Too few memorials of the gentle leisure of that pleasant time in those haunts of ancient peace remain. They have been washed into forgetfulness by the silent stream of time:

> 'Rura quæ Liris quieta
> Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.'

But if Miss Humphreys is satisfied, as I half guess she may be, with Tudor times, and the new

black-letter printing of Caxton or Wynkyn de Worde, or William Coplande, at one or other of their presses, at the Sign of the Sun, or of the Rose Garland, or in the Vintre at the Three Cranes Wharfe, then she may surely have her wish. But it will be in no hunting district, in no Tudor lodge, where enthusiastic Tudor masters kennelled hounds, but at 15, Piccadilly, on the shelves of Bernard Quaritch—he catalogued it in 1897, under the title of 'The Book of St. Albans,' printed in 1486, sold at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale for £147, and 'since made perfect at enormous expense by the late Earl of Ashburnham, now offered for £500'—or on the shelves of the University Library at Cambridge, in a similar edition to the Roxburghe one, or here in a somewhat later edition in this Old World Library at Ely Minster.

For behind a little locked and latticed wicket, embedded among shelves, which groan beneath the weight of mighty folios of ancient Fathers and medieval doctors of theology, rests a copy of the book she longs to see. It came to us by private gift of one of our Canons, from the library of Mr. Haslewood, who published a modern reprint in 1810. In a printed bibliographical note pasted into the cover, Mr. Haslewood says: 'This I consider the earliest edition of the book of Sir Tristram known.' It is catalogued thus:

'Lattice. Book of Sir Tristram. The Book of hawking, huntyng and fysshyng, wyth all the properties and medecynes that are necessary to be kepte.'

It is a small quarto of ninety-four pages, divided into three parts. Each part begins with a page containing title and rough wood engraving, and ends with the words: 'Imprinted at London in Saynt Martyns Paryshe in the Vinetre upon the Thre Crane Wharfe by Wyllyam Coplande.'

The first part on 'Hawking' and the third on 'Fishing' are in prose, but the second part on 'Hunting,' unlike the 'Treatise' of Sir Thomas Cockayne of which Miss Humphreys wrote, is in verse. This second part begins thus:

'Lykewyse as in the booke of Hawkynge a foresayde are written and noted the termes of pleasure belongyng to gentilmē havyng a delyght therein. In the same maner this booke folowynge sheweth to such gentyll persons the maner of Huntyng for all maner of beastes whether they be beastes of venery or chase of rascall, and also it sheweth al termes convenyent, aswel of the hoūdes as of ye beastes aforesayd, and there be many dyvers of them, as is declared in the books folowyng.

'¶ Beastes of venery are iii. kindes.

'Wheresoever ye fare by frith or by fell
My dere childe take hede how trystā [*i.e.*, Sir Tristram] doth you tel
Howe many maner beastes of veneri there were.
Lysten to your dame, and she shall you lere
Foure maner of beastes of venery there are
The fyrst of them is the hart, the second is the hare,
The Bore is of one of tho, the wolfe and not one more.

'¶ Beastes of the chase are v. kyndes.

'And where ye come in playne or place
I shall you tell which ben beastes of enchase.
One of them is the Bucke, an other is the doe
The Fox and the Martyron, and the wylde Roe.
And ye shall all my dere chylde other beastes all
Where to you them fynde, rascall ye shall them call
In fryth or in fell, or in the forest I you tell.'

The last few pages after the inscription 'Explicit Dame Julia Barnes her Boke of Huntyng'—and the story of that good lady's birth and genealogy, full of such good 'hunting' of another sort for bookmen, though it should be noted, is too long and intricate to linger over now—are filled up with various scraps of knowledge and useful information, as, for example, the properties of a good horse and the order of precedence of the Bishops. As to the horse, our Dame asserts that 'a good horse should have xv. properties and condicions. That is, to wete, three of a man, three of a woman, three of a foxe, three of a hare, and three of an asse.'

Then follow various wise saws, of which these may be quoted:

'Who that maketh in Christmas a dog to his larder,
And in Marche a sowe to his gardyner,
And in May a foole of a wyse man's counsell,
He shall never have good larder, fayre garden, nor yet well kept counsell.'

Again:

'Who that buyldeth his house all of salowes,
And prycketh a blynde horse over the falowes,
And suffereth his wyfe to seke many halowes,
God send hym the blisse of everlasting galowes.'

Two double-columned pages follow containing the list of 'the Companyes of beastes and foules.' At first I thought I had read the initial letter of this last word wrongly, and that for 'fowls' I ought to have read 'souls.' But no! 'a muster of peacocks,' 'an exalting of larks,' 'a cherme of goldfinches,' 'a chattering of choughs,' 'a gaggle of geese,' 'a cast of hawks,' 'a covy of partiryches,' 'a fall of woodcocks,' cannot be intended as a characterization or classification of human souls, and yet the list includes 'a cluster of churles,' 'a rag of maydens,' 'a gagle of women,' and ends—it is very strange—with 'a charge of curates,' 'a discrecion of preestes,' 'a disworshypp of Scottes.'

And so with 'The Measures of Blowing,' much as Miss Humphreys has them in her book—there is pasted into the volume a manuscript page, in writing of Elizabeth's time, giving 'the Measures' in a quaint musical notation of dotted semicircles and squares—the Book of Hunting ends.

There are other books with which Dame Juliana keeps good company behind the little lattice, such, for example, as the famous 'History of the Seven Champions of Christendom';

William Caxton's 'Fructus Temporum,' with 'The Chronicle of Englonde'; John Milton's copy of Chrysostom's Sermons, with his autograph on the fly-leaf and the date 1636, and his note of the price he gave for it, 'Pre 18s,' written, according to his usual custom, in the corner of the page in his own neat hand, bequeathed to the library by Bishop Simon Patrick, whose 'Two Love Letters,' bound in morocco for his lady love, rewritten—after his marriage with the lady—from a feeling, I suppose, that they were too good 'copy' to be lost to literature, and published in the form of a learned theological tractate under the title, 'The Glorious Epiphany,' the 'Letter to my Dearest Sister' becoming in the new edition 'Preface to the Devout Reader,' are also here; John Dee's edition of Euclid, with the quaintest of prefaces, and not a few rare books more. But of these I have no space to write, for there is an author—though, alas! he is only represented here by a very modern edition of one of his books—about whom I want, before I close, to say one word. I mean our one Ely poet, Alexander Barclay, 'Maistre Barkleye, the Black Monke and Poete,' as he is called in a certain letter to be found in a Calendar of Henry VIII.

Barclay is a worthy of our Ely monastery who ought not to be forgotten, for both as Churchman and bookman he is worthy of all respect.

As Churchman he was diligent, honest, conscientious, at a time when those qualities were so scarce among his brethren as only to seem a fit subject for clerical ridicule. As a man of letters, too, his writing was always characterized by a bold outspokenness and a graphic power, in which an ardent desire for the things true, just, pure, lovely and of good report, and a burning hatred for whatsoever were false, self-seeking and vile, are equally prominent on every page.

There has been abundant dispute about his nationality. But I should have thought that there was little doubt that he was a Scotchman. In the first place because of the distinct statement of Dr. Bulleyn, a physician and botanist of great eminence in the middle of the sixteenth century, who was a native of the Isle of Ely, at the monastery of which Barclay was for some time a monk. He says that Barclay 'was borne beyonde the cold river of Twede.' Then, again, his baptismal name, Alexander, and the spelling of his surname, *prima facie* suggest a Scottish origin. And, lastly, his use of such unusual North Country words as 'gree,' 'kest,' 'rawky,' 'ryue,' 'yate,' 'thekt,' and 'or' (in its special Scotch sense), and the warm tribute to James IV. of Scotland in his 'Ship of Fooles'—stanzas which at that time no Englishman would have dared to indite—seem conclusive for his Scottish heredity. But

obviously he had an English education, and had also travelled widely on the Continent. There is every probability that he had studied at several of the foreign Universities of which he speaks in 'The Ship of Fooles':

> 'One runneth to Almayne, another unto France,
> To Parys, Padway, Lumbardy or Spayne,
> Another to Bolony, Rome or Orleanse,
> To Cayne, to Tolows, Athenys or Colayne.'

On his return to England, we first find him Chaplain of the College of Ottery St. Mary, in Devon. Here he translated Brandt's 'Ship of Fooles,' dedicating it to Cornish, the Warden of the College and Suffragan Bishop of Bath aud Wells. He did not, however, stay long at Ottery. The Secondaries of the College would hardly mourn his departure, I imagine, for to them he gives first place in his 'Ship':

> 'Nothing they can, yet nought will they learn nor see,
> Therefor shall they guide this our ship of fooles;'

and of the country clergy not all, for of them he says:

> 'For if one can flatter, or beare a Hauke on his fist,
> He shalbe made parson of Honington or Clist.'

One gathers from an allusion in his 'Eclogues' that he was in the prime of life—under forty, probably—when he took the vows as a Benedictine monk and joined the great foundation of that

Order at Ely. That one of the most eminent literary men of that time in England should have been attracted to Ely is surely another side-evidence that the Benedictine Order there was not only maintaining its old traditions of worship and devotion, carrying on its beneficent work of cultivating the waste places, civilizing the rude population, striving, in fact, to found a new social order in which secular pursuits could be followed in a religious spirit, but was also thoroughly awake to all the intellectual ferment of that time of literary renascence in England which was so shortly to bring to an end the age, as Dean Colet called it, of 'mediæval Blotterature.'

It was here that he wrote his celebrated 'Eclogues,' the first attempt of the kind in English; his 'Life of St. George,' dedicated to Bishop Nicholas West; and, of course, his 'Life of St. Etheldreda,' although, unfortunately, no copy of that poem seems now to be extant. Here, too, he wrote 'The Mirrour of Good Manners,' in Pynson's folio edition of which, beneath the title, is a cut representing the author in monkish habit on his knees presenting his book, presumably, to his patron, Sir Giles Alington. It was at this period of his life, in the heyday of the English Renascence, when his literary work was attracting wide attention, that Sir Nicholas de Vaux, busied with the preparation for the meeting of

Henry VIII. and Francis I. at 'the Field of the Cloth of Gold,' wrote to Cardinal Wolsey begging him 'to send to them . . . Maistre Barkleye, the Black Monke and Poete, to devise histoires and convenient raisons to florrishe the buildings and banquet-house withal.' If, however, he penned such a eulogy of the great chivalric pageant, no record of it has come down to us.

His fame must mainly rest on the 'Ship of Fooles' and the 'Eclogues,' for nowhere else so accessibly and so fully and so truthfully will be found a picture of the social condition of our England in Tudor times; and nowhere else, perhaps, can we better trace the influence of a strong and yet scholarly hand in guiding at a critical point in the historical development of the English tongue the use of the common speech of English people in its clearness, in its directness, in its simplicity of graphic power, towards the wise literary purposes of the written language. It has been well said by Dr. A. W. Ward, the Master of Peterhouse, that 'the English "Ship of Fools" exercised an important direct influence upon our literature, pre-eminently helping to bury medieval allegory in the grave which had long yawned before it, and to direct English authorship into the drama, essay, and novel of character.'

It was in relation to his pastoral writing that his contemporary at Ely, Dr. William Bulleshe,

had written that picturesque description of his friend in which his Scottish birth is mentioned.

'Then Bartlet,' he says, for so he spells the name, 'with an hoopyng russet long coate, with a pretie hoode in his necke, and five knottes upon his girdle, after Francis tricks. He was borne beyond the cold river of Twede. He loged upon a sweet bed of camomile under the sinamum tree; about hym many shepherdes and sheepe, with pleasaunt pipes; greatly abhorring the life of courtiers, citizens, usurers and banckruptes, etc., whose olde daies are miserable. And the estates of shepherdes and countrie people be accoumpted most happie and sure.'

The allegory here is good. What truer characterization could one have of the agreeable bitterness, the pleasant irony, the delightful raillery, the spicy satire, of the author of the 'Ship of Fooles' than this: 'He loged on a sweet bed of camomile beneath the sinamum tree'?

I wish it were possible to comment on the many interesting personal references scattered through the 'Eclogues.' But beyond this general one to Dean Colet, with whom Barclay seems to have been personally acquainted—

> 'For this I learned of the Dean of Powles,
> I tell thee, Codrus, *this man hath won some soules*'—

a tribute which to the tender-hearted, saintly Dean

himself there certainly could have been no higher —I have no space, except for quotation of the two passages in eulogy of Bishop Alcock of Ely from the Third Eclogue. John Alcock was Bishop of Ely for fifteen years, from 1486 to 1501. As Barclay was born in 1475, and was thirty-eight years old when he wrote the Eclogue, Bishop Alcock must have been dead some dozen years when the eulogy was written. Mr. Jamieson, in the account of Barclay prefixed to his edition of the 'Ship of Fools,' speaks of 'the Poet's humour disguising the Bishop' under a punning description of his surname. But it is only necessary to pay a visit to the beautiful mortuary chapel in Ely Cathedral, which the Bishop built, to see that the punning description is a conceit with which he himself is obviously much enamoured, for everywhere in the chapel—in the stained-glass lights of its entrance-screen, amid the intricate carving of corbel, and canopy, and spandril, and moulding—the punning rebus of his name—a cock standing on a globe, cock of all—is forced upon the attention. This, of course, must have been familiar enough to the Ely monk and poet. Here, at any rate, is his quaintly-worded eulogy of the Bishop:

'Yes, since his dayes a cocke was in the fen,
I knowe his voyce amonge a thousande men:
He taught, he preached, he mended every wrong;
But, Coridon, alas! no good thing abideth long.

He all was a cocke, he wakened us from slepe,
And while we slumbred he did our foldes keep ;
No cur, no foxes, nor butcher's dogges wood
Coulde hurte our fouldes, his watching was so good ;
The hungry wolves which did that time abounde,
What time he crowed abashed at the sounde.
This cocke was no more abashed at the foxe
Then is a lion abashed of an oxe.

* * * * *

This was a father of thinges pastorall,
And that well sheweth his Church Cathedrall.
There was I lately about the middest of May ;
Coridon, his churche is twenty sith more gay
Then all the churches betwene the same and Kent.
There sawe I his tome and chapell excellent ;
I thought five houres but even a little while,
Saint John the virgin me thought did on me smile.
Our parish churche is but a dungeon
To that gay churche in comparison.
If the people were as pleasaunt as the place,
Then where it paradice of pleasour and solace.
Then might I treuly right well finde in my heart
There still to abide and never to departe.
But since that this cock by death left his song,
Trust me, Coridon, there many a thing is wrong.
When I sawe his figure lye in the chappell side
Like death, for weping I might no longer bide.
So all good thinges so sone away doth glide,
That no man liketh to long doth rest and abide.
When the good is gone (my mate, this is the case)
Seldome the better re-entreth in the place.'

Then with unusual power of imagination—or shall we say by the exercise of Mr. Ruskin's 'pathetic fallacy'?—the poet thus pictures the sympathy of the towers, and arches, and vaults,

and sculptures, of Ely monastery, lamenting the death of the good Bishop:

'My harte sore mourneth when I must specify
Of the gentle cocke which sange so mirily.
He and his flocke were like an union
Conjoyned in one without discention,
All the fayre cocks which in his dayes crewe
When death him touched did his departing rewe.
The pretie palace by him made in the fen,
The maides, widows, wives and the men,
With deadly dolour were pearsed to the heart
When death constrayned this shepheard to departe.
Corne, grass and fields mourned for wo and payne,
For oft his prayer for them obtayned raine.
The pleasant flowres for wo faded eche one
When they perceaved this shepheard dead and gone,
The okes, elmes, and every sort of dere
Shronke onder shadows, abating all their cheer.
The mightie walles of Ely Monastery,
The stones, rocks and towers semblably,
The marble pillars and images, eche one
Swet al for sorowe when this good cocke was gone,
Though he of stature were humble, weak and leane,
His mind was hye, his living pure and cleane,
Where other feedeth by beastly appetite,
On heavenly foode was all his whole delite.'

XII

'THE GREAT O'S'

['In the Book of Common Prayer, in the Calendar, on December 16, the words "*O sapientia*" occur, which words some have fondly imagined to be the names of a virgin and martyr, *St. Sapience*, whom they tried "with much ingenuity and more ignorance" to prove one of the companions of St. Ursula. . . . *O sapientia*, however, is but a note to remind the user of the Calendar that on that day, December 16, the greater antiphons, each beginning with "O," which are always sung in the week before Christmas, then begin to be used.'—'Archæologia,' i. 49.]

I

O Sapientia!

O Sapientia, quæ ex ore Altissimi prodiisti, attingens a fine usque ad finem fortiter, suaviterque disponens omnia: veni ad docendum nos viam prudentiæ.

O Wisdom, Sovereign Master of man's soul,
Effulgent glory of Eternal Light,—
Holding the wheels of life with strong control,
And ordering all things by divinest might;
O come, fair Wisdom, lead us day by day
With saving hand along God's marvellous way

THE ROSE ALLEY AND CLOISTER. [*To face p.* 133.

II

O Adonai!

O Adonai, et dux domus Israël, qui Moysi in igne flammæ rubi apparuisti, et ei in Sina Legem dedisti: veni ad redimendum nos in brachio extento.

O mighty Lord, Thou Prince and King of Men,
Who gav'st Thy Law of old in flame of fire,
O come, enkindle us with Love again,
With flame of zeal our dullard wills inspire:
And guard with strong right hand and outstretched arm
Our homes from daily ill and nightly harm.

III

O Radix Iesse!

O Radix Iesse, qui stas in signum populorum, super quem continebunt reges os suum, quem gentes deprecabuntur: veni ad liberandum nos, iam noli tardare.

Hail, Prince of Peace! Thou root of Jesse's stock,
God's Ensign for the People and their kings,
Thou Shepherd Who dost ever lead Thy flock
Through pastures green to joy of all good things:
O come, with comfort of Thy staff and rod,
And hasten thus on earth the Reign of God.

IV

O Clavis David!

O Clavis David et sceptrum Domus Israël: qui aperis, et nemo claudit: claudis et nemo aperit: veni, et educ vinctum de domo carceris, sedentem in tenebris et umbrâ mortis.

Hail, Key of David, sceptre of the King!
O Thou Who openest and none can dare
To shut, Who mak'st the captive heart to sing
Of Freedom in its prison-house of care:
Come, cheer the darkened soul so sore down-trod
With news of birthright in the Home of God!

V

O Oriens!

O Oriens, splendor lucis æternæ et sol iustitiæ: veni, et illumina sedentes in tenebris et umbrâ mortis.

Hail Dayspring, Angel from the holiest height,
Who sheddest gladness on Earth's farthest bound,
Thou heart of mercy, come, with healing Light
Shine on the souls that sit in sorrow crowned:
Chase far the shadows, bid the darkness cease,
And guide our feet into the Way of Peace.

VI

O Rex Gentium!

O Rex Gentium, et desideratus earum, lapisque angularis, qui facis utraque unum: veni, et salva hominem, quem de limo formasti!

O King of Nations and their heart's desire,
Thou Corner Stone, man's starting-place and goal,
Enhearten with Thy Spirit's holy fire
Our manhood's faith in History's unread scroll:
Come, give us as our own best hard-won wage
Yet nobler work and loftier embassage.

VII

O Emmanuel!

O Emmanuel, Rex et Legifer noster, expectatio gentium, et Salvator earum, veni ad salvandum nos Domine Deus Noster!

O come, Emmanuel, O come again,
Sure Hope and Guardian of the world's true Right
From realms of Help Thou givest gifts to men,
The cleansing splendours of Eternal Light:
O turn once more our face to kindling skies,
To hail the Sun of new Epiphanies.

XIII

UNDER THE CEDAR

A Colloquy on Christian Socialism

'I have a pattern on my nail,
And I will carve the world new after it
And solve so these hard social questions.
By line on line will draw you out a world
Without your help indeed—so good a world!
The same the whole creation's groaning for,
No rich, nor poor, no gain nor loss nor stint,
No potage in it able to exclude
A brother's birthright, and no right of birth,
The potage, both secured to every man
And perfect virtue dealt out like the rest
Gratuitously, with the soup at six,
To whoso does not seek it.'

Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh.*

Our little Minster Parliament met by agreement for its next talk at the Liberty on the Green. As our custom was, on summer nights at least, when we dined with Dr. Godwyn, we held symposium on the terrace under the cedar, in the 'green parlour,' as Lady Deborah called it, just outside the wide-open low window of her book-

THE WESTERN TOWERS OF ELY.

[*To face p.* 137.

room. On such a night, a perfect June night, with the full moon rising behind the Minster, it was an ideal place for an after-dinner talk. Behind us the warm comfort of the library, books of solid reference ready to Dr. Godwyn's hand to eke out from time to time our failing memories, and Lady Deborah's poets, in their dainty bindings, from Cynewulf's 'Andreas' down to 'Bells and Pomegranates,' to do the same, she hoped, for our too often lacking sentiment, and above all, perhaps, the old worthies of the long-ago days, smiling friendship to us from their folio corners, as the lettering on their vellum covers glimmered in the lamplight, and shedding fragrance—that mysterious pungent smell of a true library—more delicious, I fancy, to some among our number than even the waft of perfume, intermingled of lilies and of night-scented stocks, that came to us across the garden from the long border beneath the cloister wall,

> 'And gave silent chorus
> To the prevailing symphony of peace.'

Above our heads the night breeze swayed gently the branches of the great cedar which spread out ghostly fingers across the moonlit lawn space beyond. What mysterious depths of shadow there were in it as we gazed up into its dark green canopy! How fragrant was the scent of it, pro-

voking, one knew not by what quaint association of ideas, such strange old-world fancies! What weird whisperings and 'goings' there were in the topmost leaves of it on this silent summer night! In the garden shrubbery beyond, the last calls of the birds had died down into silence. Faint echoes from the city, coming to us across the Palace Green, only seemed to make the silence more impressive. Suddenly the great Walsingham bell rang out the hour, and we all instinctively looked up to where, through the vista of the cedar boughs beyond the garden wall, the great west front of the Minster stood up black against the vague mysterious beauty of the summer sky.

'Look, father, an omen!' cried Joyce suddenly, pointing out across the garden as, startled by the bell, there sailed down from the darkness of the western tower into the moonlight the ghostly wings of a slowly-moving white owl, to vanish again almost immediately with a scream into the shadows of the garden—'a good omen, surely, for the wisdom of your symposium to-night, although for me that weird cry always seems more like the prelude to a night of silence. Well, "God shield us all"—as Ophelia said—"the owl was a baker's daughter. God be at our table-talk."'

'Don't mix your metaphors, child! We shall all prefer to accept the omen of the bird of Pallas Athena, the owl-eyed Goddess of Wisdom, rather

than poor mad Ophelia's legend of the baker's daughter.'

'Come, Joyce,' I said, 'you must "fume with incense" the altar of the Goddess for us, if we are to get on with our talk. How does the invocation go in Homer? They taught you that, I am sure, at Girton.'

'Would you not prefer Horace, Mr. Dean? though I fear I do not remember how he words the prayer, only the answer:

> '"Jam galleam Pallas et Ægida
> Currasque et rabiem parat."'

'Anyhow, Dean,' said Godwyn, 'with that panoply you will be quite ready to run atilt against this new Encyclical of the Pope criticising your favourite doctrine of "Christian Socialism." I have not yet seen the full pronouncement, but from the *Times* report I gather that he objects strongly to the use of a term which he considers to be altogether misleading. I am bound to say that I think he is fairly right. Professor Shaler, do you agree?'

'No, I am afraid I do not; though I should quite expect to find that the Pope's letter would show the usual faults of an ecclesiastical controversialist—misuse of terms, misreading of history, confusion of issues. But read the *Times* summary to us, Godwyn.'

'"Extremists will not welcome the Pope's words. On the one hand, bigoted ultramontanists of the Roman Curia will say in their hearts, if not with their lips, that the present Pope is too much of a Liberal; on the other hand, Socialists will be confirmed in whatever hostility they may have to institutional religion. But we believe that the document incorporates the views of thinking Roman Catholics. The Pope ascribes the rise of Socialism to philosophical and moral error. 'With Socialists,' says he, 'human satisfaction is reckoned supreme, and nothing higher acknowledged than to pursue bodily goods and those of the natural world.' Socialists would 'abolish all distinctions of rank, would make every citizen equal to every other, would also give equal access to all of the good things of life, would confiscate private fortunes, and would socialize the appliances of labour.' Thus Socialism 'cunningly works its way into the heart of the community—in the darkness of secret assemblies, and openly by speeches and writings.' Socialism 'excites the people to sedition; the restraints of religion are thrown aside; duties are neglected, and only rights are upheld. . . . Civil society no less than religion is in peril. . . . Through the malefic influence of agitators, the gulf between rich and poor has been widened, so that frequent disturbances arise, and even great calamities seem impending, such as would bring ruin on a country.' Leo XIII. says that the name 'Christian Socialist' is offensive because of its ambiguity. It might indicate 'that popular government may be covertly promoted or preferred to other forms of political constitution; the influence of Christianity may seem to be confined to the benefit of the common people, all other ranks being, as it were, left out in the cold.' The Pope believes that social problems will not be cured by Socialism.

'"Christian democracy is by the Pope strongly differentiated from Christian Socialism. Its foundation is 'the principles laid down by Divine faith, having regard, indeed, to the temporal advantage of the lower orders, but designing therewith to fit their minds for the enjoyment of things eternal.'

In their desire to promote the good of the lower orders, however, Christian democrats should not forget the Divine law of charity, which forbids 'paying so much regard to the interests of the lower classes as to seem to pass over the higher, who are, nevertheless, of equal importance to the preservation and development of the State.'"'.

'How absurd!' interrupted the Professor. 'Why does he suppose that the phrase "Christian Democracy" should be less offensive either to Catholic sentiment or to Conservative instinct than Christian Socialism? I suppose he is thinking of the Catholic School Vote in the United States.'

'But surely, Professor,' said Trafford, 'Christian Socialism *is* an offensive term to both Christians and Conservatives, not to say to Socialists themselves! Socialism and Christianity are essentially antagonistic; and Socialism certainly is the avowed enemy of your Political Economy, for its express aim is to revolutionize the economic arrangements of the present, and every day we see attempts made to give practical effect to this aim, and often on the Continent, if not in England, by very dangerous means. No, I can't help thinking it is most mischievous that responsible men, whether politicians or parsons, should strive to give Christian sanction to principles of so unchristian and dangerous a character.'

'*Ach*, Mr. Trafford!' said Herr Strogoff; 'but I think you are imitating the faults which Pro-

fessor Shaler attributes to the Pope. It was a wise saying of one of my old Rabbinic teachers, Joshua ben Perabya: "Get thee a hero, win a comrade, and judge every man from his favourable side." If we are to discuss with profit to ourselves, we must first judge Socialism on its favourable side.'

'But suppose, Strogoff, I do not think it has a favourable side.'

'Then, Mr. Trafford, you will not discuss; you will denounce.'

'No, I will do better: I will laugh. I will quote to you, as I did to Trafford the other day, the Corn Law Rhymer's epigram:

> '"What is a Socialist? One who hath yearnings
> For equal division of unequal earnings.
> A rogue or a bungler, or both, he is willing
> To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling."'

'Evidently,' interrupted Arkwright, 'we are in need of definition. My friend Trafford, I see, has quite a different conception of a Socialist from that of Herr Strogoff, and probably from that of Professor Shaler. To him, therefore, the addition of the adjective "Christian" to "Socialism" does not convey the idea of a Socialism which is itself Christian—which is differentiated, therefore, from any other form of Socialism containing principles antagonistic to Christianity; but it merely

conveys the idea that the ordinary Socialism, associated with whatever extreme views, may yet be upheld by a man who still claims to be called a Christian. Obviously we want a definition of terms before our discussion can wisely proceed. Let us take the primary term first. How do you define "Socialism," Strogoff?'

'I will prefer to follow your English Professor.'

'Well, Shaler?'

'In the first place, I put "Socialism" as a term in contradistinction to "Individualism." By Individualism I mean that method of thought or action which gives the preference to the interest of the individual rather than to the common interest of society. By Socialism I mean that method of thought or action which places the common good of the community above the selfish interest of the individual.'

'There can be no doubt,' exclaimed Joyce, 'which of those two methods is the most Christian.'

'True, Miss Godwyn; but the definition as yet is hardly complete. It is too wide in reach. It needs to be narrowed down by practical details, as, in fact, the terms themselves were narrowed as they came into more or less common use. In their original sense, for example, they are applicable to problems of ethics and politics. In practice to-day we confine them solely to economic problems, to questions having to do with the

production and distribution of wealth. Applied thus, "Individualism" means that system of industrial organization in which all initiative is due to private individuals, and all organization to their voluntary agreement; in which all the means of production are in private hands—in which, in fact, there is private property; and in which competition, the rivalry of self-interest, is the spur to industry, to that struggle for existence in which the fittest survive. And, on the other hand, Socialism means an industrial state of society in which all the processes of production and distribution are in the hands of the State, and are regulated, not by competition, with self-interest for its moving principle, but by society as a whole, working for the good of society, the individual members of the community receiving their rewards of work according to the measure of their capacity and willingness to perform the social duties assigned to each by public authority.'

'And when you have so defined it, Shaler,' interrogated Arkwright, 'is it not true that Socialism and Individualism alike are both exploded heresies, as helpful or harmful to the soul of man as Nestorianism or Eutychianism? Herbert Spencer, for example, has acknowledged that in the present stage of social evolution unchecked Individualism would be harmful. Sidney Webb, in a Fabian essay somewhere, makes the same admission.'

'Bravo, Shaler!' said Dr. Godwyn; '"Securus judicat orbis terrarum!" Political economy holds the field!'

'That is all very well, Dr. Godwyn,' said Trafford, 'for purposes of academic discussion at the Universities, Professor Shaler's theoretical definition may be correct enough, and Herbert Spencer and Sidney Webb may be right, too; but what I, as a practical business man, contend is that in practice the Socialists are revolutionaries, dangerous to the peace of the State. They talk of capitalists and employers of labour as a ring of greedy, grasping fools—a coterie of rich barbarians. All wealth, they say, is got by plunder; property is robbery; and so on. Now, I say that language like that is simply criminal. How can you expect the working classes, who are being taught by these mischievous agitators that they are the victims of injustice, cruelty and oppression, and that the rich men, the capitalist class, have no moral right to the property they possess, to work steadily or conscientiously, so as to benefit either themselves or their employers, or, indeed, to hesitate much when they get the chance of appropriating to their own use any property they can lay their hands on? How, then, can you claim, I ask, a Christian sanction for a system which leads to such results?'

'But I do not claim a Christian sanction for

any such system, and in point of fact I do not know anyone who does.

'"Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

'To a Socialistic state of society as I ventured just now to define it, there are no doubt many objections, some, as I think, in the present condition of man's ethical heredity and environment, fatal objections, but they are objections which for the most part are equally fatal to Christianity as a system of perfect living.'

'How do you mean?'

'Well, I mean that most of the objections which the conservative school of thinkers bring against Socialism are exactly the same objections which the secularist workmen bring against Christianity to-day—are, indeed, the same objections which an acute thinker like Renan can quite justly put into the mouth of a Pagan of the time of Augustus arguing against the poor Christian innovators from Jerusalem. Have you a copy, Dr. Godwyn, of his "L'Avenir de la Science"? Ah, thanks! Let me see . . . yes, here is the passage. "I have thought," he says, "that a Pagan of the time of Augustus might have advanced much the same set of reasons for the preservation of ancient society as those employed nowadays to prove that there is no call for change in the actual state of society. . . . I can imagine

Seneca chancing upon this passage of St. Paul: 'Non est Judæus neque Græcus, non est servus sed liber; non est masculus neque fæmina; omnes enim vos unum estis in Christo.' Certainly would he have said, 'This must be some Utopist. How would you have society do without slaves? Must I, then, cultivate my estates with my own hands? Why, it implies the overthrow of public order! And then, pray, who is this Christ who accomplishes so strange a mission? These are dangerous people. I must speak of this to Nero.' And, most assuredly, if the slaves, taking the words of St. Paul literally and applying them immediately, had established their domination on the smoking ruins of Rome and Italy, depriving the world of the benefits it was to derive from Roman rule, Seneca might have been sufficiently in the right. But if a Christian slave had said to the philosopher; 'O Annæus, I know the man who wrote those words; he teaches but submission and patience. That which he has written will come to pass without any revolt, and through the masters themselves. A day is at hand when society will be able to exist without slaves, though thou, O Philosopher, canst not imagine such a thing'—Seneca would doubtless have refused to believe him, though he might nevertheless have consented to the innocent dreamer not being beaten with staves."'

'Renan's comparison is certainly an apt one,' the Dean ventured here to interpolate, 'but there is something more, surely, than a correspondence in the character of the objectors to both systems in his comparison. The affinity existing between the ethical doctrines of Socialism and those of Christianity is far from being merely apparent or superficial.'

'There is the initial likeness, I suppose you would say, Mr. Dean, in the fact that both systems are announced in the first instance as Idealist systems?'

'Certainly. The kingdom of God on earth, as revealed by Jesus Christ, and the eternal principles by which He said that Plan of Living was to be governed, imply for present practical purposes to-day quite as much an Ideal state, a Utopia, as ever was that of Sir Thomas More, or of Harrington, or of Campanella; quite as obnoxious, therefore, on that ground alone, to mention no other, Mr. Trafford, to all the conservative objections, as the Socialistic system. I mean, that if Socialism is "impossible" for the daily life of the twentieth century, so also is Christianity.'

'I hardly follow you, I confess.'

'Oh, but I do!' said Joyce impulsively. 'You mean—do you not, Mr. Dean?—that, although we are none of us as ideal Christians as we ought to be, that it is, after all, the Ideal which rules

the world, which wins the world. We must be idealists, or we should cease to struggle.'

'But, Miss Godwyn,' said Trafford, '*that* is poetry, and poetry is not life, much less business; and a poor prose-monger, doomed, as I am, to the daily round of city drudgery, cannot afford to idealize life. A merchant who was an Idealist in his counting-house would soon find himself in the Bankruptcy Court.'

'And yet,' quietly interposed Lady Deborah, 'is it not true that the more commonplace our own lives may be in their mere outward limitations, the more prosaic our ordinary duties, the more need is there for that idealization of life which all true Poetry can give? Life is the stuff out of which Poetry is made, the Professors of Poetry tell us. But I sometimes think it is more true to say that Poetry is the stuff out of which Life is made. At any rate, we all get tired now and then, I think, Mr. Trafford, of the horrid practicalities of everyday humdrum existence; our interest flags: the pin-makers take themselves too seriously. Then, it seems to me, is the time to make a bold venture; to launch our little barks into the wide sea of imaginative ideals—Joyce, give me that volume of Tennyson from the corner bookcase—to sail out on that voyage of discovery of which the poet tells in that allegory of the lifelong quest of the Ideal—"The Voyage"

he calls it. You will all remember it. May I read it?

'"We left behind the painted buoy
That tosses at the harbour mouth;
And madly danced our hearts with joy,
As fast we fleeted to the South:
How fresh was every sight and sound
On open main or winding shore!
We knew the merry world was round,
And we might sail for evermore.

* * * * *

'"For one fair Vision ever fled
Down the waste waters day and night.
And still we followed where she led,
In hope to gain upon her flight.
Her face was evermore unseen
And fixed upon the far sea-line:
But each man murmured, 'O my Queen!
I follow till I make thee mine!'

'"And now we lost her, now she gleamed
Like Fancy made of golden air,
Now nearer to the prow she seemed,
Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge fair,
Now high on waves that idly burst,
Like Heavenly Hope she crowned the sea,
And now, the bloodless point reversed,
She bore the blade of Liberty."

Nor does the chill of age or failure damp the ardour of the quest:

'"Again to colder climes we came,
For still we followed where she led:
Now mate is blind, and captain lame,
And half the crew are sick and dead;

But, blind or lame or sick or sound,
We follow that which flies before:
We know the merry world is round,
And we may sail for evermore."'

We sat silent for a time, looking out into the solemn night. It was Herr Strogoff who spoke first.

'I knew a man once,' he said, 'in Germany, a Political Economist, Von Kuenen was his name, a well-known man who had written many books and rightly gained to himself much fame. He left instructions that when he died there should be nothing graven upon his tombstone but his name and the symbol $W = \sqrt{AP}$.'

'What an eccentric epitaph! What did it mean?'

'*Ach*, he was an Idealist, Miss Godwyn! He believed himself to have discovered the solution of the Labour Problem. "W" in his epitaph stood for the workman's normal wage—what you call "the living wage" in England; and arguing from premises which I fancy my friend Professor Shaler would consider arbitrary and insufficient, he arrived at the conclusion that the required amount is the geometric mean between A and P, where A is the value of the things necessary for the maintenance of the workman, and P that of the products which are the fruit of his labour. I do not know that his formula helps the world much, but he was a noble-hearted and public-spirited man.'

'And where, then, does his Idealism come in?'

'In the practical working of his estate. He was one of the few land-owners who have applied, successfully, Christianity to agriculture.'

'Christianity to agriculture!'

'In truth, yes. He studied much all the systems of Political Economy, but he was not long in discovering that, after all, in these great Labour Questions, in the last resort it is not a question about wealth, but about men. In the eyes of God he could not forget that society exists, not merely to further the accumulation of capital, but for the sake of the well-being and the happiness of the individuals who compose it. "Society," he was accustomed to say, "exists, not for the sake of private property, but private property for the sake of society. He set himself, therefore, to put his principle into practice by taking the labourers on his estate into partnership. He had found his Teacher, Mr. Trafford, in Christianity. He now sought his Comrade, in the field-labourer.'

'Is this apologue or fact, Herr Strogoff?' asked Lady Deborah.

'It is fact, dear lady. The estate was Tellow, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. You will find the story of it in Brentano's book.'

'And it was a story of failure, I suppose,' said Trafford, 'like that of most of the co-operative farming experiments.'

'You forget, sir, the saying of your great statesman: "The best ultimate success often comes of noble failure." But my friend's plan was not failure. I have a letter from his grandson, Professor Boehmert, the present proprietor of the estate, who says that "the experiment has realized all the requirements proposed and expected by his grandfather. It has attached the labourers to the estate. It has secured for them an old age free from care."'

'I wonder,' said Joyce, 'why it is that, if the profit-sharing principle can be shown to be thus commercially advantageous to both employed and employer, our great English landlords do not adopt it?'

'There is a question, my dear young lady, in the Book of Job which perhaps the landlords do not read: "Do I fear a great multitude, or does the contempt of families terrify me?"'

'You mean that they are social cowards?'

'He means, does he not,' said Arkwright, 'to bring us back to the Dean's contention that we are none of us Christian enough to be daring in new ways, or certain enough of our belief that undying hope is the secret of social vision?'

'And whether that is true or not, and I fear it is true, Arkwright,' said Dr. Godwyn, 'this is certainly true, that the future of Socialism, like the future of Christianity, is bound up with the improve-

ment of national character. With every step forward that our people take in intelligence and honesty will Socialistic schemes become more and more possible, because more and more beneficial. Municipal Socialism, for example, of various kinds, whether Socialism of profit, or of convenience, or of benevolence, might be indefinitely extended if our people were only more public-spirited, more independent of purely selfish considerations, more ready to work for work's sake, more zealous and jealous for the honour of their town and the good of their fellow-citizens.'

'Do not forget,' said Lady Deborah, 'the passage in Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh":

> '"I hold you will not compass your poor ends
> Of barley feeding and material ease,
> Without a poet's individualism
> To work your universal. It takes a soul
> To move a body: it takes a high-souled man
> To move the masses, even to a cleaner stye:
> It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth off
> The dust of the actual. Ah, your Fouriers failed
> Because not poets enough to understand
> That life develops from within."'

'Yes,' said the Dean, 'that is true doctrine. But where Fourier failed, Christ wins. "Life develops from within." We need, I think, to reiterate this doctrine. This is the justification for our "Christian Socialism," which is distinguished from other sorts of Christianity by its assertion that, though the

reform of individuals is not everything, it is much. The kingdom of heaven is within us first of all. No change of condition, no bettering of environment, is sufficient to make good men. No rearrangement of society, no social transformation, is possible, has ever been possible, or ever will be possible, except as the application of a religious principle, of a moral development, of a strong and active common faith. And for this reason. Men may easily remake institutions, but they do not so easily remake themselves. It is, indeed, a law of social forms, of national institutions, that they must be always expressive of national character. National institutions come into existence bearing of necessity the impress of national character. They live only so long as it supplies them with vitality. To change institutions for the better, we need to change men for the better. And to do this we need, and shall ever need, religious motive. A great, a momentous, revolution, it is true, waits to be accomplished. But the social revolution must succeed, not precede, a revolution of thought. We might be all quite safely Socialists to-morrow, provided only we were quite sincerely Christians to-day.'

'And that is the end of the sermon, I suppose, Mr. Dean,' said Joyce, 'and of our discussion too, I fear to-night, for it is nearly eleven o'clock. And yet for practical purposes I don't see that we

have got much "forarder." I wanted to know what you all thought about such practical schemes of Christian and Municipal Socialism as the housing of our city workpeople, and, with a view to that end, the prevention of the "nursing" system, by which eligible building sites are kept out of public use for years in order that the personal enrichment of the land-owner may be the greater; or the extension of the electric tram system, by which the creation of workmen suburbs—Garden-Cities—might come into existence, combining the advantages of rural conditions of health and beauty with quickness of access to city centres of work.'

'Proving once more, Joyce,' said her father, as our circle began to break up, 'that Christian Socialism is, after all, the bird in the bush, though she sing more sweetly than yonder nightingale in the Deanery garden, and that the social millennium will not hasten its coming in deference to the most convincing string of resolutions that ever were unanimously adopted by a public meeting, or to the most potent considerations that were ever submitted to a Minster symposium.'

XIV

ON THE WALSINGHAM WAY

'As ye came from the holy land
Of blessed Walsinghame,
O met you not with my true love
As by the way ye came?'
Old Ballad.

It was under the pine-trees and among the heather at Brandon that we had our next talk.

Dr. Godwyn and I had long proposed to ourselves, like Erasmus and his friend Ammonius four hundred years ago, to make a 'religious pilgrimage' to Walsingham. I am not sure that my friend had not even intended to follow the example of Erasmus, and to hang up as a votive offering in the now ruined shrine there a Greek ode to the memory of our great fourteenth-century artist-builder at Ely, the Prior Alan: for it was, of course, as the presumed birthplace of that great genius, not so much as the site of the celebrated shrine of St. Mary, that Walsingham had for us its attraction. An incident which happened a

day or two after our last Minster colloquy quickened, I think, our intention. After mattins one morning I had found Joyce and her father outside the Lady Chapel, studying carefully, with the help of a field-glass, the details of the heraldic shields carved beneath the canopied niches on its west front.

'Oh, Mr. Dean!' cried Joyce, in her usual impulsive way, as she caught sight of me, 'father has made such a discovery: Alan de Walsingham's mother was a Montacute, and his father a Talbot.'

'Steady, child, steady,' said Godwyn; 'I did not quite say that. But I think, Dean, the evidence of these shields is worth a little study. They do seem to throw some light, I think, on the heredity of our friend Alan.'

'But,' I said, 'those shields have nothing to do with Alan de Walsingham, surely. They are the shields of Bishop Montacute, in whose time the chapel was finished. You can see quite plainly "the three fusils" of the Montacute arms: "Argent three fusils in fesse gules."'

'Ah! but look a little more closely—take the glass—you see there are two shields below and one above. The upper one is no doubt the Montacute shield, and the two lower ones are shields which certainly have the Montacute arms in pretence; but the shields upon which they are overlaid are quite plainly the five-bended shield of the

EAST WALK IN CLOISTER GARTH

Talbot or the Clifton family—in the absence of colour, of course, one cannot tell which.'

'Yes; I see you are right. They are the shields of a Talbot or a Clifton who was married to a Montacute. But what has that to do with Prior Alan?'

'Ah, don't you remember when the Custos was showing us the other day the seal of Prior Alan, which he had lately found in the muniment-room, with its quite legible legend "Alanus Prior Eliensis," we were puzzled to find that the shields on either side of the Prior's figure were the shields, as we thought, of his Bishop, Simon Montacute? Well, if you will look again at the seal more carefully, you will find that the shield is exactly similar to the two lower shields on the Lady Chapel, the shield of a Talbot or a Clifton with the Montacute arms in pretence. I suggest therefore, on this evidence, that our friend Alan was either a Talbot or a Clifton, and, as we have no reason to suppose that he was ever married, that the Montacute shield in pretence is that of his mother.'

'That would no doubt be very interesting, and might explain, perhaps, if the Bishop was Alan's uncle or cousin, why, when the Pope overruled his own election by the monks to the Bishopric, and substituted Simon Montacute in his place, the Prior himself appears so readily to have

acquiesced. Anyhow, it is a clue which it is well worth following up. I suppose the College of Heralds could very likely tell us whether a Talbot or a Clifton married into the Montacute family at the beginning of the fourteenth century. I must write to them. But I don't see what a Talbot or a Clifton could have to do with Norfolk, much less with the village of Walsingham. And I suppose that there can be little doubt that Alan was born there.'

'But is that necessary, Mr. Dean?' said Joyce. 'Might he not have been called de Walsingham as having been simply a novice in the Priory Church of the Austin Canons? The scion of a great Gloucestershire family, desirous of the religious life, might well have been commended to the protection of Our Lady of Walsingham for his novitiate, and have been transferred afterwards to the Benedictine House at Ely. One can very well imagine, I think, a Gloucestershire Talbot—a cousin, shall we say? of the great Baron Gilbert, ancestor of the Earl of Shrewsbury—being in the train of Edward I. when, in 1292, that King went on pilgrimage to Walsingham; and if so, what more likely than that a son born about that time —Alan, you remember, is first mentioned as a monk at Ely in 1314, and would of course, on that supposition, have been about twenty-two years old—should have been placed by his parents

under the charge of the Canons of one of the most famous shrines in Christendom ?'

'Bravo, Joyce! so is history made—by lady graduates and by the College of Heralds, so at least says Mr. Round. What a splendid Rouge Dragoness you would make! And Alan, of course, was a Talbot rather than a Clifton, I suppose, because Poetic Idealism demands the nobler heredity for your hero ?'

'Now, Mr. Dean, is not that just downright mean of father? You would hardly imagine, would you? that for four mortal hours yesterday I dusted for him, and rearranged, and put into something like possible working order, all his Record Society publications—nearly two hundred volumes, I believe—his Surtees, Camden, Harleian, not to mention countless other reports of local antiquarian societies, recondite memorials, dry as dust monographs, archæological, architectural, genealogical, heraldic, legal, out of which I believe he fondly imagines that one day that same Poetic Idealist will construct a mosaic of footnotes for his *magnum opus* on the Tudor monarchy. Poetic Idealist! What penance does he deserve, Mr. Dean, for that ?'

'Well, Joyce, we could hardly, perhaps, mete out less measure than that exacted from the greatest of the Tudor Kings. Suppose we make him go on pilgrimage to Alan Talbot's birthplace, along

the palmer's way, the Walsingham Green Way, from Ely across the fens to Brandon, and then by Fakenham to Barsham Manor-house—it was there that Henry VIII. doffed his shoes—and so barefoot, shall it be, by the Shoe House at Houghton-in-the-Dale to the Santa Casa at Walsingham, there to hang up his votive tablet, a Greek ode to the memory of Prior Alan, "Flos operatorum . . . vir venerabilis et artificiosus Frater"?'

'Why Greek, Dean? Alan, I suspect, was quite as innocent of Greek, as the Austin Canons two hundred years afterwards were, who mistook Erasmus's Greek ode for Hebrew. No, Latin, I think, it must be, and, indeed, I do not know why it should not be the Latin epitaph itself, which the old monks placed on Alan's tomb, on the memorial brass which the Puritan despoilers tore so remorselessly from the great gray slab, which still lies beyond the octagon, so disgracefully left uncared for and unrestored by the modern Dean and Chapter:

'"Flos operatorum, dum vixit corpore sanus
Hic jacet ante chorum Prior en tumulatus Alanus.
Annis bis denis vivens fuit ipse sacrista
Plus tribus his plenis Prior ens perfecit et ista;
Sacristariam quasi funditus edificavit
Mephale, Brame etiam huic Ecclesiæ cumulavit.
Pro veteri Turre, quæ quadam nocte cadebat
Hanc Turrim proprie quam cernitis hic faciebat
Et plures ædes quia fecerat ipse Prioris
Detur ei sedes cælo pro fine laboris."

['"The Flower of Craftsmen, Alan Prior,
Here lies entombed before the choir;
As Sacrist twice ten years built he,
Then Prior crowned all in twenty-three;
A Sextry Hall he made from ground,
And Mepal, Brame, church manors found.
And when one night the old Tower fell
This new Tower built—yea, mark it well:
So now to end his labours great
God grant him seat in Heaven's high gate."']

'Ah, Mr. Dean,' said Joyce, 'now I have it, the ideal penance! Suppose we make father bear the expense of restoring the brass and replacing the epitaph, and on either side of the figure, which of course he can copy from Alan's seal, in the indent of the shields which is still visible, he can place the Talbot arms with those of Montacute in pretence.'

'I think, Joyce, I shall find the pilgrimage more to my taste. And, by the way, your mother talked last night of going for a week or so to the Cottage at Brandon. She longs in this hot weather for the pine-woods and the heather, and the cooler air of the high lands. Arkwright very kindly proposed to take us in his launch by the river. Won't you join us, Dean, you and the Prioress, and Edith and the boys? And then we can ask one or two other of our Cambridge friends to come over for the day and investigate the neolithic flint knapperies in the Devil's Pits at Weeting, or the site of William's camp by the

Fen Dyke where Hereward played the potter, and have our next Minster Parliament, if you please, under the Brandon pine-trees, and I, at least, shall be one stage on my penitential pilgrimage to the shrine.'

* * * * *

And so it came about that a week or so after this, under the Brandon pine-trees by Dr. Godwyn's bungalow, we had our next talk. Far away across the fenland from where we sat on the high ground we could see, rising out of the golden evening mist on the far horizon, the sacred isle and the lantern crown of Ely. Joyce had somehow—under the spell, perhaps, of that far vision—got into an historical dispute with Arkwright about the early legends of the Northern Church, and the character of some of the seventh-century saints. Apparently she had been citing the fact that both at Whitby under St. Hilda and at Ely under St. Awdrey, who was Hilda's niece, in a religious community in both cases consisting of men and women, precedence was given to the woman rather than to the man as supreme ruler of the convent, as an evidence of the innate chivalry both of Northern Christianity and of the Teutonic race. Arkwright had reminded her that in both cases the Abbesses were daughters of a royal house, that St. Awdrey, moreover, had herself been Queen of the great Northern Supremacy,

and that it was in all probability, therefore, the royalty, not the womanhood, which had brought them both into power and place. Indeed, he ended by expressing the opinion that, as far as he could judge, they were both rather unpleasant people, in whom the royalty certainly was much more pronounced than the womanhood. At this point I saw Joyce's bright eyes flash, and I thought it might be wise to interpolate a question which perhaps might serve to turn the conversation on to broader lines.

'By the way, Lady Deborah,' I said, 'talking of the character of these Northern women of heroic or saintly type in the old Saxon days, have you ever read Cynewulf's poem of Juliana? The story is nothing. It follows the usual lines of the acts of innumerable female saints. But the heroine is a woman of the true Northern type, not dissimilar, I should think, to St. Hilda and St. Awdrey, generous and winning and winsome, but firm of character, resolute of will, royal of bearing. She was courted by a certain Prince, one Maximinian, a cruel persecutor of the Christians. But she resolutely said "Nay" to him unless he himself became a Christian. And this quality of her character, resoluteness of purpose and will, carried almost to grimness, is the quality upon which Cynewulf builds all the action of his poem.

'"No torments," she cries, "will make me

waver from those words of mine," so firm is the maiden soul of this strong-hearted heroine of the Cross. Through one strife after another she passes, always firm as a rock, always triumphant, and always fixed as fate. She is thrown into prison, and a quasi-epic character is given to the poem by the introduction of the supernatural. As she sits in her cell, the devil appears to her in angel shape and bids her sacrifice to the gods. "Whence art thou?" she asks. "I am," he replies, "an angel of God, and I bid thee save thyself." She answers by an impassioned prayer to God that He will keep her true, and reveal to her what kind of man this is, this "flier through the lift" who bids her fall away from God. And a voice answers out of the sky: "Grasp at the wicked one, and hold him fast until he tell thee all concerning his evil works." And the devil is forced to stay with the maiden and talk all the night long and confess all his sin, to his great trouble and dismay. And he speaks of the many wrongs he has wrought among men, and hopes then to escape. But "Say on," cries Juliana with grim humour and perhaps some curiosity—"say on, thou unholy spirit." And the fiend four times despairingly tries to escape, and four times he is forced back to confession by the woman. "It is a bitter business," he cries, amazed with her. And then he tries compliment, and at least his

compliment adds to our feeling of the woman's strength of character and will. "No man was ever as brave as thou, O holy maiden, to lay hands on me, not one on all the earth so high-spirited as thou; not one of the patriarchs, nor yet of the prophets, could crush me as thou hast done, nor bind in bonds my strength when I came from the dark to sweeten sin for thee. Misery has come of that, and heavy battle. Never shall I dare, after this bitter punishment, to rejoice amid my comrades of this adventure, when I take back the news of my wretched failure to my joyless dwelling." Then the dawn breaks and the devil is free. "There is not a woman in the world," he cries, "of greater spirit, nor among maids one mightier in anger than thou art." The last scene of her martyrdom follows. She endures all, and every pain only enhances her strength and tenacity of will. Victorious and royal the virgin-saint makes her last speech to the people. And then all her maiden softness and sweetness shines out. She is a winsome, tender, loving girl once more, the "dearest" daughter of her father, his sweetest sunshine, the light of his eyes, "fulness of youth thou hast, infinite gifts of grace and bloom of loveliness." And her death-words are those of a noble woman: "Peace be with you and true love for ever!"'

'You suggest, then, Dean,' said Lady Deborah,

'that our good St. Awdrey was a woman of the Juliana type—firm, resolute, and royal. Well, it is a noble ideal, and an ideal, one is glad to think, which has persisted long in England. Witness Wordsworth's lines:

> '"The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength and skill:
> A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort and command."'

'Ah, but, Lady Deborah,' said Arkwright, 'I hardly think you could apply with any appropriateness to St. Awdrey the other lines in Wordsworth's picture of the ideal woman:

> '"A countenance in which did meet
> Sweet records, promises as sweet:
> A creature not too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food,
> For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

At any rate, I am pretty confident that neither of her two husbands, Tondbert, Prince of the South Gervii, or Egbert, King of Northumbria—both of whom, if, at least, the monkish chroniclers are to be credited, she treated with very scant courtesy—would have endorsed your judgment. I have no doubt she was strong and masterful enough; but sweet and tender and winsome, that I cannot think.'

'I wonder,' said Joyce, 'why men always hate women of strong character?'

'But do they?' I said. 'Is it not rather that they only *love* women of tender character? and tenderness is not in the least incompatible with strength—is, indeed, in the finest natures, whether of men or women, almost an attribute of strength. I think, however, I should agree with you, Arkwright, that St. Awdrey was hardly a lovable woman. But we really know so little of her personality—all our really trustworthy information is contained in two or three chapters of Bede's history—that it is hardly fair to judge her; and certainly she was very much under the influence of Wilfrid of York, and no one can doubt the dominating masterfulness of his character.'

'True,' said Godwyn. 'And, then, how utterly different is our modern ideal of womanhood to that of the Churchmen of St. Awdrey's age. For example, the ideal female saint of to-day, in the conception of most modern Englishmen, at any rate, would in all probability be a wife and a mother; yet I do not suppose that it ever even occurred to the Englishmen of St. Awdrey's time as possible that a perfect wife could also be a perfect saint. Your Churchmen were to blame for that stupidity, Dean, with their unnatural and unwholesome views of ascetic discipline, and their foolish confusion of the fact of virginity with the virtue of chastity. But how long that mischievous conception lasted! Why, so late as the twelfth

century, five hundred years after St. Awdrey's death, I find an Ely Bishop, Nigellus, so absurdly filled with admiration for what we should call St. Awdrey's unwifeliness, that on the obverse of his episcopal seal, an impression of which I found in the Ely muniment-room the other day, round the figure of the saintly Queen, he had positively placed the legend, "Etheldreda duos virgo reliquit maritos." To say the least, he must have been sadly destitute of humour.'

'I have often thought,' said Arkwright, 'that that would be an interesting treatise which should make a comparative study of the varying ideals of womanhood through the ages.'

'I would suggest,' said Lady Deborah, 'that it might take the form of an Anthology from the Poets.'

'Yes,' I said, 'that would perhaps be wise, and certainly appropriate; for it is curious to notice how there has been among the poets, from classical times downwards, a kind of apostolic succession of ministry in praise of woman. You will remember that Tennyson in his "Dream of Fair Women," in the very first stanza, speaks of Chaucer's "Legende of Good Women." And if you turn to Chaucer's Prologue to his "Legende," you will find that "note of apostolic succession," for in setting forth to tell us the story of nineteen good women of his own choice he certainly has in his mind both

THE NORTH BORDER.

[*To face p.* 170.

the poem on illustrious women, "De Mulieribus Claris," by Boccaccio, and also, of course, Ovid's "Heroides." From the hundred and five tales of Boccaccio, Chaucer, however, borrows very little beyond the outlines of the stories. To Ovid he is much more indebted, for he frequently translates whole passages both from the "Heroides" and the "Metamorphoses." In the late Laureate's "Dream," Iphigenia, Jephthah's daughter, Queen Eleanor, were doubtless good women, and Helen and Cleopatra and Fair Rosamund were certainly beautiful, but

> 'Dan Chaucer, whose sweet breath
> Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
> The spacious times of great Elizabeth
> With sounds that echo still,"

ushers us, I think, into a wider realm, and perhaps into nobler presences.'

'Oh yes!' said Joyce; 'think of that noblest type of wifely sacrifice, the Alkestis, which in such a dainty fashion he transforms into the Daisy Queen of the Prologue.'

'You used to know your Chaucer, child,' said Lady Deborah. 'Can you repeat the lines for us?'

> 'The god of love and in his hand a queen,
> Clothed in real habit all of green,
> A fret of gold she haddë next her hair,
> And upon that a white coroun she bare,

With many flourës, and I shall not lie
For all the world, right as a Daiseye
Ycrownëd is with whitë leavës light,
So were the flourës of her coroun white.
Her name was Alceste, the debonnaire,
I pray to God that ever fall she faire ;
For, haddë comfort been of her presence,
I had been dead withouten any defence,
For dread of Lovë's wordës and his cheer,
As, when time is, hereafter ye shall hear.
Behind this god of love upon the green
I saw coming of ladyës nineteen,
In real habit a full easy pass,
And after 'em come of women such a trass
That sin that god Adam made of earth,
The third part of women or the fourth
Ne wend I not by possibilitie
Had ever in this wide world y be,
And true of love these women were eschoon,
Now, whether was that a wonder thing or none,
That right anon as that they gone espy
This Flower which that I clepë the Dayseye.
Full suddenly they stinten all at once
And kneelëd down, as it were for the Nones,
And singen with one voice—'Heal and Honour
To truth of womanhood, and to this flower
That berth our alder pris in figuring,
Her white coroun berth the witnessing.'"'

'How charming!' said Lady Deborah. 'I wonder where he got the story of Alkestis, for I do not think that either Boccaccio or Ovid tell the story—do they, Dean?'

'No,' I said; 'nor, indeed, does Chaucer himself fully tell it, for his nineteen tales of good women

never got beyond the ninth, and whence he learnt the story of Alkestis we do not know certainly. And yet undoubtedly it was around that story that Chaucer had intended to group all the other legends, as it was to Alkestis—purest type of perfect wifehood, transformed, as we have heard, by the poet's fancy into the Daisy Queen, and, as I imagine, also with complimentary allusion to his own patroness, the Princess Anne, Queen of Richard II.—that the poet himself traced his inspiration.'

'Well, there can be little doubt,' said Godwyn, 'that Alkestis, as transformed at least by Chaucer, is a great advance in ideal of womanhood upon our Ely Queen and Foundress. But how is it when you go back to the actual women of the old Greek literature? Where do you place them in the tale of social evolution?'

'Ah!' I said, 'can there be any doubt of that? And yet—it is a paradox which I must leave to the historical evolutionist to explain—there is no denying the fact that it was in the earlier and ruder and more barbarous, as we should say, periods of Grecian history, not in the later and more refined, that the ideal of womanhood is to be found in its highest perfection. You remember Andrew Lang's words, or were they Addington Symonds'?—I forget. I can only quote from memory: "The strange, mysterious beauty of

Helen of Troy, that 'daughter of adventure, that child of change,' how young, how virginal, how pathetic; the conjugal tenderness of Andromache; the unwearied fidelity of Penelope, awaiting through the long-revolving years the return of her storm-tossed husband, calm, true, steadfast as a heroine of Hebrew story; the heroic love of Alcestis, voluntarily dying that her husband might live; the filial piety of Antigone; the majestic grandeur of the death of Polyxena; the more subdued and saintly resignation of Iphigenia, excusing with her last breath the father who had condemned her; the joyous, modest, loving Nausicaa, whose figure shines like a perfect idyll among the tragedies of the 'Odyssey'—all these are surely pictures of perennial beauty, of an ideal womanhood, which Rome and Christendom, chivalry and modern civilization, have neither eclipsed nor transcended."'

'And of which of all these, Lady Deborah,' said Arkwright, 'would be your choice for the Greek ideal type?'

'Oh, I agree with Kingsley, that the sweetest and most charming of them all is Nausicaa, the perfect maiden, the purest, freshest, lightest-hearted girl in all Grecian romance.'

'But if I remember right, wife,' said Dr. Godwyn, 'it was because of her excellent qualities as a laundrymaid, and for her economic treatment

of her father's and her brother's shirts in the family washtub, that Kingsley gave the palm to Nausicaa of the fair robes.' As Lady Deborah did not deign to reply to this, he went on: 'But I should like to hear what you have to say, Dean, of the Roman women. There must have been some fine types among the ladies of the Empire—at least, if we may judge from the splendid sculptures of the Roman matron of the Augustan Age.'

'There were good women, no doubt,' I said, 'among the ladies of the Augustan Age, but yet few of them ever appear in the pages of the Roman poets. The women of Plautus are uniformly bad. Those in Terence are little better; and the only one among them that I can remember who ever did a good action begs pardon of her husband when he convinces her of her criminality in doing it: "Mi Chreme, peccavi! fateor, vincor" (I was wrong, my Chremes! I own it, I am conquered). And her crime was that she had saved her child from being murdered.'

'How horrible!' said Lady Deborah. 'But I suppose the absence of noble types of womanhood in Roman literature is partly owing to the fact that the genius of Roman poetry, unlike that of Greece, did not naturally turn to deeds of passionate self-sacrifice, of enthusiastic heroism, of romantic love.'

'Yes, that is true, no doubt; the Roman poet never reached the lofty human conceptions of the Greek. He appealed by preference to the reason and the conscience and the will, not to the emotions and the soul. Social tact, personal reticence, judgment of character, the imperial spirit, the majesty of government—these were the topics which he loved best.'

'But what of Virgil?' said Joyce.

> '"Roman Virgil, thou that singest
> Ilion's lofty temple robed in fire,
> Ilion falling, Rome arising,
> Wars and filial faith and Dido's lyre."

What of Virgil and Dido, Mr. Dean?'

'Alas! alas! Joyce, Virgil falsifies alike both the era and the history of that noblest of his heroines to make her odious and contemptible. His Queen Amata is a turbulent and tippling shrew; the Princess Lavinia is undutiful and unbelieving; his goddesses are little better; Juno is always in a passion. Camilla is the only female figure of whom the poet begins to speak well, but he soon descends to a lower level, and shortly ends by calling her "aspera, horrenda virgo!"'

'And how about Horace, Dean?'

'Well, Godwyn, I think it would puzzle anyone to find a decent woman in all his poems, unless, indeed, we except the lines in which he compliments Livia, the wife of Augustus, as "unica

gaudens mulier marito," or the "splendide mendax et in omne virgo nobilis ævum" of the eleventh ode of his third book:

> "One only, true to Hymen's flame,
> Was traitress to her sire forlorn:
> That splendid falsehood lights her name
> Through times unborn."

His ladies for the most part, as you know, are all Chloes, Delias, Lyces, Lydias, Lalages, and Cynaras; and of most of them, I fear, it must be said that they added to the worship of Cupid that of Bacchus. And yet—and yet for the sake of many a dear old bachelor don of the old school, gentlemen and scholars—one would like to forgive this prince of good comrades and fine talkers his want of chivalry and heroine-worship, and to think that after all, perhaps, his irony and cynicism may be in a great part mere persiflage, and to remember that under the graceful gaiety of his Epicurean maxims there is still a ground tone of sadness, as of one who felt "the riddle of the painful earth," and found its best solution, not in the gaiety and the wit and the *fugitiva gaudia* of a refined but empty society, but—to quote Wordsworth's lines of him—in

> "The humblest note of those sad strains
> Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,
> As a chance sunbeam from his memory fell
> Upon the Sabine farm he loved so well;

Or where the prattle of Bandusia's spring
Haunted his ear, he only listening !"'

'*He only !*' said Joyce. 'Poor old bachelor !'

'But you have said nothing of Juvenal, of Lucretius of Catullus—the two noblest poets of the last age of the Republic; or of Ovid and Propertius—the two greatest at the close of the Augustan Age.'

'No, for I know of no noble ideals of womanhood in any of them except in Ovid and Propertius. Juvenal's trade, of course, was universal satire. And he says somewhere that he had scarcely ever heard of a thoroughly modest woman since the Golden Age. There are noble women, of course, in Ovid's "Heroides" and "Fasti"; but, then, they are not Roman ladies of his time, but Greek women of the Heroic Age. In Propertius there is, of course, the noble elegy in which he imagines for us "The Apology of Cornelia" for her life before the Judge of Hades. He paints the picture—a little wanting, perhaps, in spontaneity and inspiration—of a noble Roman matron with that dignity of manners, that greatness of heart, that piety of motherhood, which we instinctively feel, from the testimony of the great Latin prose-writers, and still more, perhaps, as you pointed out, of the sculptured busts and statues which have come down to us, *must* have been realized

in *some* of the women of the great Roman families in that otherwise corrupt age.'

'Well, we may be very thankful, I think,' said Lady Deborah, 'that Roman ideals exercise practically no influence on the motive or mood of our modern poets in regard to womanhood. And I suppose you would say that, in the history of the development of Western literature, the change of sentiment synchronized with the change from Pagan to Christian influences?'

'It is always very difficult,' I said, 'to mark out with absolute precision the chronology of a moral sentiment. Whether we should be right in saying that Christianity instituted the change in ideal, or constituted itself the representative of the change, it would be very difficult to say.'

'You must not forget,' said Godwyn, 'the element of race. I could not help thinking, as you were quoting to us the story of Juliana from Cynewulf's poem, that the Teutonic element—the special quality of race—had a good deal to do with that resoluteness of purpose and will, carried almost to grimness, of which you spoke, in the character of the Northern women.'

'Yes, that is doubtless true—just as the Teutonic racial element is also responsible for something of that sombre, puritan aspect of faith and those lurid conceptions of the future which is also characteristic of early English poetry. But then

we must remember that, although among our forefathers of the eighth century the old Pagan faith was Christianized, the new Christian faith was also somewhat paganized.'

'I suppose,' said Arkwright, 'that the worship of the Virgin Mary had not in that early time exercised much influence in the refinement of ideals of womanhood?'

'Oh, indeed, yes!' I said. 'It is not only in medieval times, but in the much earlier poetry of Christian England, that the sombre and grim aspect of the semi-paganized Gospel is lighted up again and again by the idyllic beauty of the figure of the Virgin Mother of Christ, and, through her, of that conception of womanhood which, whatever may be the mistakes and heresies of a later Mariolatry, yet undoubtedly did so much to soften and refine the heroic ideals of our early forbears. You will find an example of that in another poem of Cynewulf, "The Christ," a poem which reaches a surprisingly high level of heroic vision. More than half of the beginning of that poem is dedicated to St. Mary's praise; and there, perhaps for the first time in English literature, you have a picture in which the sweet and tender grace, the humility and loving-kindness, of the Virgin, her maidenhood, her motherhood, exhibit an ideal of womanhood which afterwards became for the men of medieval England the most vivid and

beautiful image that filled the minds of men after the image of Christ. And I think, also, we should not forget that all those stories of the early Northern Church—the legend of St. Hilda and Aidan at Hartlepool, of St. Cuthbert and Ælfleda at Whitby, of the Archbishop Wilfrid and St. Awdrey in our own island city of Ely—go to show the fresh dignity which the relations of women to men had received from Christianity, as also they are an evidence of the existence of noble ideals of womanhood in that early time, and a proof, certainly, that the root of the matter was in us more than a thousand years ago.'

'I am glad to hear,' said Dr. Godwyn, 'what you say of the literary idealization of woman, through the influence of Mariolatry, by the early poets of England, not less than by the later medieval writers. For I have often noticed, when I have been showing some friends for the first time the exquisite sculptured history of the Blessed Virgin in our Lady Chapel at Ely, how puzzled is their nineteenth-century practicality and puritan common-sense by the fact that the genius of Alan de Walsingham and his school of sculptors should have found its inspiration in such apparently puerile sources as those of the medieval "folk-tales" and legends of the Virgin.'

'Yes,' I said, 'they forget that the age of Alan de Walsingham was the age of Dante and Chaucer,

an age in which the imaginative life of the Crusades, when Catholic purity in the best natures was united to the tenderness of chivalry, still cast its glamour over poetic minds. If they would only remember that, they might come to see that, to the artist soul of Alan de Walsingham, the idealization of woman, the worship of the Virgin Mother, set forth in his magnificent stone poem of the Lady Chapel, as in Dante's "Paradiso," could only tend, in those who felt its beauty, to humanize the thought of rude and ungallant hearts, and profoundly to modify the unpolished manners of the time:

> '"For in reverence of the Heavenë's Queene
> They came to worship allë women that bene."'

'Come,' said Lady Deborah, 'I fear we must break up our talk. The dressing-bell has rung, Joyce, and, moreover, the dew is falling.'

'Oh, do wait a moment,' cried Joyce. 'The dew always falls for poets, and I do want to hear what there is to say, not of the Elizabethans and of Shakespeare, for of course Ruskin in his "Sesame and Lilies" has said the inevitably last word there, nor of the Victorian poets, for I know the Dean is sure to quote Browning's tribute to his dead wife in the dedication to "The Ring and the Book":

> '"O Lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
> And all a wonder and a wild desire";

but I wanted to hear what he would prophesy of the Ideal Woman of the Future.'

'Ah, Joyce,' I said, 'I think I shall answer you as Queen Victoria, I see, is said to have answered the Court ladies who asked her for her opinion on Wagner's music and the music of the future: "Don't talk to me of the music of the future. Quite incomprehensible. I'm bored with the future altogether, and don't want to hear any more about it." And yet—no, child, I have a thought: is it possible that the new type, the promise of the new ideal which the Girton girl of this new century is to give us, may be after all only a reversion to an older ideal and a stranger land? Last year, when I was in America, I spent a delightful autumn afternoon in that noble college for women—was it Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn-Mawr? I will not say which, Joyce—which more than realizes Lord Tennyson's vision:

> '"A court,
> Compact with lucid marbles, bossed with lengths
> Of classic frieze, with ample awnings gay
> Betwixt the pillars, and with great urns of flowers
> The muses and the graces. . . .
> . . . . . Two great statues,
> Art and Science, Caryatids, lifted up
> A weight of emblem."

I passed into the halls—my guide the Lady Psyche or another, assuredly not the Lady Blanche—into the walks and gardens, into the common-room,

the lecture theatre, the chemical laboratory, the gymnasium, the bicycle shed, and last the library. And then the Lady Psyche brought me to her holiest shrine, a case of ancient books on science and mathematics. One strange title caught my eye. It was "The Brahmahgupta of Bhaskara," a translation from a Sanskrit poet, made in 1817, by Colebrooke, one of our earliest Eastern scholars. I found it a rhythmical treatise on Arithmetic and Algebra. The chapter on Multinomial Expressions began with an invocation:

'"SALUTATION TO GANESSA.

'"Resplendent as blue and spotless Lotus, and delighting in the tremulous motion of the dark serpent, which is perpetually twining within thy breast!"

'I turned in astonishment to the chapter on the Highest Common Factor. It was in the form of a catechism of the student by (I hardly fancy) the lady lecturer, cast in heroic metre.

'"Beautiful and dear Lilivati," it began, "whose eyes are like a fawn's, whose gentle grace is like that of the young elephant! tell me what are the numbers resulting from 135 taken into 12? If thou be skilled in multiplication by whole or by parts, whether by subdivision of form or separation of digits, tell me, O thou auspicious woman,

what is the quotient of the product divided by the same multiplier?"

'You prefer, do you not, Joyce, even the mysticism of Browning's "Women and Roses" to the mysticism of Bhaskara's girl graduates and poetic algebra?'

'I prefer, Mr. Dean, not to discuss my sex's noblest aspirations in the spirit of an irreverent scoffer. Mr. Arkwright, do you intend to join us in our expedition to-morrow to the Walsingham shrine?'

'I had hoped to do so, Miss Godwyn.'

'And you, Dean,' said Lady Deborah, 'shall you cycle with the girls and Jack, or will you come with us in the carriage?'

'Oh, certainly the Dean must go with you, mother,' said Joyce. 'It must be quite twenty miles to Walsingham.'

And so it was settled. I was glad that it should be so, not because I thought that the twenty-mile ride would have been too much for my cycling powers, but because Thorold Arkwright would thus ride to-morrow with Joyce and my two children, and I hoped, from certain indications I had noticed lately of the relations between these two — Joyce had several times to-day dropped unconsciously into calling him 'Toby' as in the old pre-Cambridge days — that on the journey together, on the Palmer's Way to Walsingham,

he might find the answer, which I knew he so ardently longed for, to the old, old question of the fenland ballad:

'"As ye came from the holy land
Of blessed Walsinghame,
Oh, met you not with my true love
As by the way ye came?"

'"How should I know your true love,
That have met many a one
As I came from the holy land
That have both come and gone?"

'"My love is neither white nor browne,
But as the heavens faire;
There is none hath her form divine
Either in earth or ayre."

'"Such an one did I meet, good sir,
With an angelicke face,
Who like a nymphe, a queen appeared
Both in her gait and grace."'

XV

IN MEMORIAM

'Good-bye, all—good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done.'—PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S *Last Words*.

'IT is God's way!' Take comfort, O my soul,
  His path of peace lies ever through the land
  Of sorrow: yet, for all, with saving hand,
He holds the wheels of life with strong control.

Brave heart! 'It is God's way': Christ's Creed in truth
  Was thine: His prayer—'On earth the Reign of God'—
  Was thine: and thine the dolorous way He trod,
Victim of senseless folly, void of ruth.

'It is God's way. His will be done!' Thy King
  Hath called thee, and for hard-won heavenly wage
  Gives nobler work, and loftier embassage,
To be through Death thy nation's hallowing.

O Heart of Mercy! come with healing Light;
Shine on her soul who sits in sorrow crowned;
Chase far the shadows, till the day be found
And cherished memories merge in perfect sight.

O Sovereign Lord of Love, in Hell's despite
Bid War's black death and madman's rage to cease:
Oh, guide Thy Peoples by the Way of Peace,
Through cleansing splendours to the Gates of Light.

THE RUINED CLOISTER.

[*To face p.* 180.

XVI

BRACKETED

Postscript of a Letter to Dr. Fewston, of New York.

'But true love is a lasting fire,
Which vowless vestals tend,
That burnes for ever in the soule,
And knowes nor change nor ende.'
SHENSTONE.

* * * * *

I OPEN my letter to add a postscript, for I find I have not answered your three questions:

1. Tollemache is quite wrong. The saying, 'We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us,' was said by Dr. Thompson, Master of Trinity, not by Dr. Jowett. There was a subacid flavour in Thompson's wit which was usually wanting in 'the Master's.' But there is a good Ely story about Thompson which you will care to hear.

Thompson was Canon of Ely in Dean Peacock's time. Somewhere in the forties the Dean had cut

through the old Norman wall of the Deanery to make a window through which a view of the Cathedral might be had from the drawing-room. When the window was finished, he found he had cut its sill a little too low, exposing a rather unsightly capital of an old Norman column on the outside. This he proposed to remove. The Chapter, however, objected greatly, and naturally pointed out that the capital was one of the most interesting relics of Norman times—had probably been placed there by Abbot Simeon, cousin of the Conqueror. The dispute in Chapter became heated. Finally, it is said, the Dean lost his temper, and called the Chapter a 'pack of geese.' Canon Thompson saved the situation by his humour.

'Really, Mr. Dean,' he said, 'you forget your——' As he hesitated for a moment, they thought he was about to add 'manners,' but he went on—'your Roman history. The cackling of the geese saved *the Capitol*.' And it did.

2. You ask me why I have not given more emphasis, in the colloquies I sent to you, to the love-story of Thorold Arkwright and Joyce Godwyn. Well, I hardly know. Moreover, it is now unnecessary and too late. For my lovers *did* commence a new chapter in their lives on the Palmer's Way to Walsingham on that day of which I told you. That is the reason I have

written at the head of this letter the lines which Shenstone, in the intervals of garden planting, found time to write, in the hope that it might take the place of the original sad ending to the old Walsingham ballad; and also why last night I pasted into my book of newspaper extracts a new press-cutting. I had already had there for some years this extract from an old number of the *Cambridge Review:*

HISTORICAL TRIPOS.

June, 1895.

EXAMINERS:

T. Thornely, M.A., Trin.
W. E. Collins, M.A., Selwyn.
R. Lodge, Oxford.
W. A. J. Archbold, M.A., Pet.

FIRST CLASS:

Ds. Clapham, King's.
Arkwright, Thorold, Trin. } Æq.
Godwyn, Jocosa, Girton }

Last night I pasted beneath this the following cutting from yesterday's *Times:*

MARRIAGES.

ARKWRIGHT — GODWYN. — On the 12th inst., at Ely Cathedral, by the Very Rev. the Dean, assisted by the Rev. Archer Godwyn, Vicar of Ethelstowe, Thorold Arkwright, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., of the Red House, Ely, to

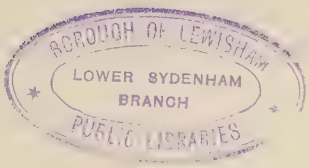
Jocosa Godwyn, only daughter of Lady Deborah and Dr. Godwyn, late Regius Professor of Medicine, Downing College, Cambridge, The Liberty, Ely.'

3. As to grotesques at Ely. Yes, we have many. The carvings on the 'miserere' stalls are most interesting. They are of the best type of fourteenth-century work. But the particular grotesque of which you speak, and of which you remember to have seen a plaster cast in Dr. Phillips Brooks' study at Boston, is a Lincoln carving, not an Ely one. 'The Lincoln devil' it is, I believe, usually called. But we are not wanting in a somewhat similar grotesque at Ely. I send you a photograph, with this letter, of 'the Ely Imps.' They grin down upon me daily from the label of one of the choir arches as I take my place in the Dean's stall. I am a little afraid that they may look even more sardonic than usual when next I take my seat after correcting the last proofs of these Minster Colloquies. But they, like the modern critics, I suppose, have their uses in the commonwealth. Anyhow, here is a fragment of old song about them that has come down the centuries, which suggests that they were intended, perhaps, by the monks of old to point a warning lesson to all too garrulous Deans in the future:

'Ely Imps you see,
Pickaback imps in glee,

With the wings of a bat
And the grin of a cat,
Making mock at you and me.
Sing nonny ho ! nonny he !
Oh what fools poor mortals be !'

THE END



Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, London